THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh! the dogwood trees are budding now,
And the red bud is in bloom,
There's a brilliant blush on the peach tree bough,
On the breeze floats a sweet perfume.
You hang my cage in your balcony—
And you wonder I do not sing,
Oh! open the cage and bid me go free,
For I long to be on the wing.

O'er fair blue hills and o'er lakes like stars,
Long ago with my mate I've flown,
But now confined by these cruel bars—
I'm pining alone—alone.
I'd rather be dead a thousand times
Than shut in this hateful cage,
My crest is drooping, my eyes are dim,
They are dim, but not with age.

I flutter and beat my eager wings
'Gainst my prison bars in vain,
For thro' them I see my happier mates,
And I would be with them again—
Oh! think of the weary, weary hours,
In this lonely cage I've spent—
Tho' you deck the wires with sweet wild flowers,
I never can be content.

There's a tender green on the maple tree,
Where we built our nest last Spring;
And the leaves are out on the drooping bough,
Where my mate used to sit and sing.
Oh! the wild bird's life is free and glad,
When it roves the dear wild wood,
But the captive's life is very sad,
Far away from its mate and its brood.

EVELYN H.

A QUARREL:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN,

Author of "Across the Plains to California," &c.

"I tell you, Louis Leonard, it's a *lie*, and you know it!" and the angry young man brought his clenched hand down upon the table with savage energy, while his blue eyes shot sparkles of fire as he stood there confronting the other, who was struggling manfully to keep down his own temper, under the provocation of these insulting words.

Looking at them now you would hardly think that they had been fast friends, and hoped one day to be brothers. And yet, such a little thing, such a very little thing it was that they were quarreling about.

He was the better-tempered man of the two, Louis Leonard. You could see that at a glance—not so readily angered as the other, not easily roused into gusts of passion; but the color came slowly into the dark face whose firm mouth and square chin told their own story of stubbornness and endurance.

"You can understand that I don't want to have any hard words with you, Bennet." Voice and eye were steady enough—not a sign in either of the excitement he was keeping under by sheer force of that iron will of his. "I don't want to quarrel with you, but you must be more careful in your assertions. It's not pleasant to a man to be told that he lies."

If Bennet Bonsall had only been wise enough to stop right there! But he mistook the import of the quiet tone; and that fiery temper, that was the bane of his life, asserted itself again, and he broke out hotly,

"You won't quarrel with *me!* That's because I'm Jessy Bonsall's brother, I suppose. But let me tell you, she'd think a good deal more of you if you had a little spirit! And no sister of mine shall ever marry a coward!"

At that word "coward" the blood left Louis Leonard's face. He took one step nearer, and his voice was hoarse as he said,

"Take care, Bonsall. I don't allow any man living to call me a coward. You needn't mention your sister's name to me again. She and I can be nothing to each other after this. I wouldn't marry *any* woman who was related to you if she were a princess! And now leave my house before I strike you dead where you stand!"

Bennet quailed before the tigerish look in the dark eyes of the man whom he had never seen really angry before. He thought once of standing his ground and braving the storm he had aroused, but when Louis Leonard took out his watch, saying deliberately, "I give you just three minutes to get outside that door!" he paused an instant to consider, then turned and went slowly out, with his hand on the handle of the short dirk he carried concealed in his breast.

So they parted—the two who had been friends, but between whom there could never again be friendship; and that night Jessy Bonsall watched until the moon went down for one who did not come—one who had sworn that he would never come again.

It is bitterer than death, I think, to see one you love grow suddenly cold, and hold himself aloof, and you utterly unable to account for the change; to see the glances that used to be fond grow chilling, or averted altogether; the heartfelt cordiality turn to simple politeness. You could bear indifference from a stranger or a mere acquaintance, but from *him*—ah! the sting is deep.

We are all so prone to set up idols; and when in some sharp crisis of our lives we find that the images we have deified are but clay after all, what is there for us but to turn away our faces and bear the disappointment with what fortitude we may. The faith and trust that were a part of the worship may never come back—God help us! they seldom do—but our eyes see things in a clearer light after the glamor that blinded us so is swept away forever.

I have known certain unheroic people who, in such a case ran away ingloriously, seeming anxious only to put as many miles as possible between themselves and the scene of their trial. But Jessy stayed and met her trouble bravely. Not from any lingering hope that things could ever again be as they were—after the first two weeks she had given that up as impossible; but she would at least prove to the world—*her* world—and to him that not even his desertion had power to crush her. So when they met, which was not often now, her greeting was cool as his, her manner as quiet.

And all the while Bennet kept careful silence. Even to his wife he had never mentioned that quarrel. He did not like to speak of it or to think of it. There was some bitterness still in his heart toward Louis Leonard, and mingled with it a feeling of regret that he had fastened a quarrel upon the man for such slight cause, or, rather, no cause at all, as he had since learned that the whole affair was a mistake. But he could not tell Louis this, and his conscience smote him every time he looked at Jessy.

He supposed that Louis had seen her and broken off the engagement, as he had spoken of doing.

And Louis thought, "Of course Bonsall has told her. Repeated every word and made me out as great a rascal as possible, no doubt, and that's the reason she always avoids me now. I was a scoundrel to say what I did about *her!* As if she was to blame for every scrape that hotheaded brother of hers gets himself into! It was unjust. She used to like me, I know—God bless her for telling me so!—but it's too late to make my peace with her."

I don't think this last was a comfortable thought, but it haunted him, sleeping or waking. It haunted him still on that last day of his stay in town, as he walked down the street beside Mrs. Leroy, the lovely young widow whom half the men in the city were raving about.

Mrs. Leroy was pleased to be very gracious to Mr. Leonard. Perhaps it was because he did not seem to be very impressible, and she was piqued into trying all her powers of fascination on this one of the very few who had not yet acknowledged her sovereignty.

Any man, descended from Adam, must have felt flattered by the evident preference of so charming a woman; and it really seemed on this particular afternoon that the whole battery of her fascinations was being leveled at the somewhat formidable citadel of Mr. Leonard's heart. Perhaps something in his manner led her to believe that the victory was nearly won.

What spirit of perversity was it that prompted him to fall in with her mood and play the "devoted" in that style? As they passed down the street together, she bewitching, as usual, he courteous and gallant beyond his wont, speculation was rife as to whether *la belle* Eugenie Leroy would throw him overboard at last, as she had done so many others, or whether the very promising flirtation then in progress would end in a wedding. And while people speculated Mr. Leonard was going on to meet his fate.

Passing along slowly they paused an instant to admire some engravings in a shop window, when a little crowd coming up one of the cross streets turned a corner near by—a dozen, rude, jeering boys surrounding a drunken man who cursed his tormentors in the most dreadful language as he reeled along.

Mrs. Leroy uttered a faint scream and clung pale and trembling to the arm of her companion, who half led, half carried her into a store and placed her in a seat.

"Don't leave me, please," she begged in a whisper, as he was about to turn away.

"I will stay by you if you wish me to," he responded in the same low tone; then aloud, as the lovely head lay heavier against his arm, "some water, quick! She is fainting."

While one of the shop-girls hurried away for water, a lady standing near offered her fan—a dainty thing of silver paper and carved pearl, that he recognized instantly. Ay, it was Jessy. But she did not look at him or speak; just bent down quietly and untied the ribbons at Mrs. Leroy's throat, until Madame Blanc herself arrived with water and her own cassolette.

In a moment the brilliant eyes unclosed, a wave of color leaped into the lovely cheeks, and the lady sat up, looking about her in pretty bewilderment.

"What does it all mean, Mr. Leonard? Oh, yes, I remember now. Thank you, madame. Thanks, all."

While the bonnet was being tied on again, and Mr. Leonard was released a moment from the duty of attendance, he stood beside Jessy Bonsall, looking down upon the true face that had been used to light up with shy brightness at his approach. But it did not light up now. It was turned resolutely away from him as she toyed idly with the clasp of her portmonnaie.

"Jessy, how can I explain?"

She looked him fair in the face at that.

"I do not see that any explanation is needed. The matter is clear as daylight."

He was not to be repelled so easily.

"If you would only let me—" he began, but she stopped him.

"Mr. Leonard, if you are a gentleman, you will not allude to this subject again."

What could he say after that?

He watched her in silence as she gathered up her fan and parasol to go, noting the poise of the stately little head, the turn of the white wrist, the soft wave and flow of her garments as she walked. And after she was gone he went home with Mrs. Leroy, and the next day his acquaintance told how he had taken the evening train for New York, where he was going to purchase an outfit and secure passage on a steamer bound for California.

Was it for gladness that Jessy went home and cried for an hour after hearing it?

Having vindicated her self-respect by refusing to listen to him when he had tried to make his peace with her, it might have been supposed that she would be satisfied; but somehow the satisfaction was not very apparent.

Ah, Louis, if you had only known that oftentimes a woman is never so near being won as when she says "no" most emphatically! But he did not know it; and it was anything but a light heart that he carried away with him, away to that far off land on the Pacific slope.

He was not a bit morbid—healthy body and strong mind forbade that—but this girl had been very dear to him; and he had had dreams, as most men do at some time in their lives, of a home of his own, a happy home, and a wife with Jessy's fair face and winning ways. But the dream was over now, quite over.

It was not as if he had been a woman, condemned to stay at home and go right on, day after day, in the same monotonous round of small duties and pleasures. He was a man, free to come and go when and where he listed; free to put the mountains and the seas between himself and all that could remind him of his lost happiness, and so, perhaps, learn to forget.

His head had not been turned by the gold fever. No stories of wonderful "leads," or nuggets of fabulous size could tempt him to the mines. "He had no taste for mining," he said to different parties who urged him to invest his funds in machinery and do a "big thing" in the way of grinding quartz. He preferred to remain there in San Francisco, where business was good and communication with the states more regular and certain than it could possibly be away back in the interior.

What a grand place that was for seeing life in some of its most curious phases—San Francisco in the height of the gold fever; when the tide of emigration from every port in the known world seemed setting toward California, and John Chinaman and Brother Jonathan jostled each other on the streets, and every color and nationality under the sun had its representatives among the throngs that came and went, intent on the pursuit of wealth.

Louis liked it all. It just suited his restless, dissatisfied mood—furnished the interest and excitement he wanted. He was prospering in business, too, beyond his highest expectations. He had found California a good place in which to make money. So much he said in the letters he wrote home, to his father and mother and one or two friends he had there, but never a word to Jessy.

One of these letters fell, by accident, into Jessy's hands. If the writer could only have seen how, when alone in her own room, she kissed the lines *he* had traced, and went to sleep at last with his name on her lips and the precious missive in her bosom, I think it would have done him more good than all the money he was making in California. But he never guessed it. How should he? So the days went on just the same, and the months, too, till a year had rolled around.

Now and then, among the crowds that he encountered daily, Louis met people who had come from his native state, occasionally one from his own home, Pittsburg. To the man so far from all that earth held really dear to him, their faces were

"Welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land."

I think he would have given friendly greeting to his worst enemy if he had met him there.

Standing, one evening, with an acquaintance, on the steps of the Continental, the two talked idly, between the puffs of their cigars, of a wedding that had taken place there at the hotel that day—an apple-cheeked girl from Michigan and a good-looking young carpenter, whose acquaintance she had made on the way. Very ill-advised, one would think, on the part of the young lady, who had certainly taken her husband on trust, at considerable risk to herself.

"Didn't the fellow look proud and happy, though?" laughed Mr. Leonard's friend. "I almost envied him—not his bride, but the delightful sensation he was undergoing. Wonder if *my* face will express such ecstatic bliss when I turn Benedick?"

Louis smiled—an odd little smile.

"I can't say, Forsyth, till I see the experiment tried. I expect, though—"

What it was that he expected Rob Forsyth never knew, for Louis stopped suddenly at sight of a man who was coming up the steps, assisted by a roughly dressed person, evidently a miner. The gentleman looked pale and sick, and seemed hardly able to walk at all, leaning heavily on his companion's shoulder.

One glance, and Louis stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"You here, Bennet? I never thought to meet *you* in this part of the world!"

Not a trace of the resentment he had once felt toward the man—nothing but honest goodwill.

I told you that I believed Louis Leonard would give friendly greeting to his worst enemy if he should meet him there; and Bennet Bonsall was not his worst enemy, only a high-tempered fellow who was always getting himself into trouble, and always getting out again, and yet was not the worst man in the world by any means. Besides, was he not Jessy's brother? I think that fact outweighed all else in Louis Leonard's estimation.

So he went up stairs with Bennet, who seemed so glad to have him there, telling him all about himself—how he had come out six months before and had been in the mines ever since, making money very fast at first, but losing heavily afterward, until now he was but little better off than when he left home.

"I'm in for a fever, I know," he said. "I wish you'd take this money-belt, Louis, and keep it for me till I get well or die."

Poor fellow! the fever was already upon him, throbbing in his temples, coursing like fire through his veins, dulling and confusing his senses; but he fought it off long enough to say:

"There's another thing—that quarrel we had so long ago. It all came of a blunder on my part, and I've been sorry a thousand times since for what I said that day. I found out the mistake afterward, but I couldn't tell you then, after the engagement between you and Jessy was broken off. It would have looked like inviting you back to her, you know, and she would never have forgiven me that."

"Yes, I see," almost groaned Louis. "And, of course, you told her all that I said in my anger that day?"

"No, I didn't. I never even mentioned the quarrel to her. I knew she would hear of it soon enough from you, as I suppose she did, though she has never hinted it to me. She's a proud little girl, and tender of other people's feelings."

Every word was like a knife to Louis Leonard's heart. Yes, she was tender of other people's feelings, but how tender had either of them been of hers?

"And she doesn't know the truth of the matter to this day! What a wretched, blundering game of cross purposes," he said to himself. "And what a pitiful scoundrel she must think me that I left her as I did, without even a civil word of explanation. It hurt her, too, I know, for she cared for me then. Yes, she did! she did! My little Jessy—my once promised wife!"

You would know from the very way he spoke her name that the girl was dear to him as she had ever been—that in losing her he had lost all that made life most desirable to him.

After days and nights of delirium and danger, Bennet Bonsall one morning opened up conscious eyes and smiled into the face of the man who had tended him like a brother. And Louis said cheerfully, "You're all right now," touching the damp forehead and moist hands that told of danger past. "You must get well now just as fast as you can, and be ready to start home with me the first of next month."

I think that word "home" did Bennet more good than all the physicians's medicines, rousing up his spirits and putting life and courage into him. What with that and the excellent care he got, and the favor of Providence over all, he improved so fast that he was able at the end of the month to start with Louis on the long journey homeward.

Louis had written twice to Mrs. Bonsall—first to apprise her of her husband's dangerous illness, as he thought it his duty to do, and again to announce his convalescence. As so often happens, one of the letters miscarried—the one that should have relieved her own and Jessy's anxiety. So it chanced that when our two *voyageurs* reached New York, they found Nettie and Jessy with the two children and a nurse there, ready to start on the very journey they themselves had just finished.

Great was the rejoicing when this was found to be unnecessary—and Mrs. Nettie blessed the vexatious delay that had prevented them from arriving in time to take an earlier steamer.

"You remember how we fretted over it, Jessy, and now see how nice it has all come round. It seems really Providential that we should all have met here just as we have," said the pretty young matron, to whom the whole world was *couleur de rose*, now that Bennet was at home safe.

"Yes, it does seem so," said her husband. "Jessy, why don't you come and thank Louis for the good care he took of me in San Francisco? Heaven knows where I should have been to-day, if it hadn't been for him."

Jessy came forward obediently.

"Mr. Leonard knows that ingratitude is not one of my besetting sins—and I do thank him," giving him her hand readily.

But Louis missed something from her smile, bright as it was. Indeed the very brightness was like the dazzle and glint of steel armor, under which she held herself cool and invulnerable.

She talked pleasantly to him—it was in her nature to be courteous to every one, and this man had a claim on her for the kindness done to Bennet. She made room for him to sit beside her in the cars on their journey homeward when he asked if he might, and answered all his inquiries about the people he had known, telling him a hundred things besides, that she thought he would like to hear.

And yet, under all the sweet smiling, and gentle suavity of manner, there was something that baffled and perplexed him.

Watching her face as she talked, noting every movement of the white hands that had a deft grace all their own, he missed something still. Was it the old cordiality, born of the trust she once had in him but could never have again? This was the question that tormented him even in the bewildering pleasure of being near her once again.

And while they talked the hours sped swiftly away, and night came—night that brought supper, and after that a pleasant hour or two; then the passengers, one by one, dropped off to sleep, until Louis Leonard and Jessy, in their quiet, shaded corner, were almost the only ones who remained awake.

Her eyelids began to droop at last, and taking off her bonnet, she settled herself into a position for going to sleep—saying to Louis by way of apology,

"I know you will excuse me. I have been up three nights and am very tired."

He proposed to give up his half of the seat and arrange his shawl for a pillow, so that she could lie down. But she bade him remain where he was; she should do very well, she said; and he obeyed, wishing he dared ask her to lay her head on his shoulder, where it had lain so many, many times. But if she chose to keep him somewhat at a distance, to make him feel that there was a difference between the Jessy of the old time and the Jessy of the present, he could only submit with what grace he might.

Was it very wrong in him, I wonder, that after awhile, seeing how very uncomfortable her position was, he drew her, unresisting, because unconscious, close to him and laid her head on his arm, where it rested until at midnight the lights in the depot at L——— gleamed through the darkness, and he roused her, whispering,

"Wake up, dear, you're nearly home."

She did wake up, blushing vividly when she found whose arm had encircled her while she slept.

"Mr. Leonard, was it generous to take advantage—"

He bent down and whispered some words in her ear. It was a curious place for love-making, and yet a good one, too, for the passengers were on their feet, pushing and crowding to get out, and so had neither eyes nor ears for them.

"I love you, Jessy. But there is something I must tell you."

He had hold of her hands now, and was speaking rapidly and yet so clearly that she comprehended readily as he told her of that quarrel between himself and Bennet, and the words he had spoken in his hot anger, and which he always supposed she had heard of, until he met Bennet in San Francisco.

He meant that she should know the truth, this time, and he told her all, not sparing himself or her, saying humbly at the close,

"You are a good woman, Jessy; but I don't know whether even you can forgive words like those. I have come three thousand miles to tell you myself, and ask you whether there was any of the old love left in your heart—whether you would forget what is past, and take me for your husband at last. Can you, Jessy? Will you?"

She was trembling so that she could hardly stand. The other passengers were all out by this time, and they were quite alone, so he thought it no harm to take her to his heart for one brief, happy instant; and I think he guessed from her face what her answer would be even before she laid her head down with the old, shy fondness he remembered so well, not saying a word—but the clinging clasp of her arm about his neck was answer enough.

He took her out then to the carriage which Bennet had called; and Nettie, wise little woman, pretended not to notice how Louis kept Jessy's hand in his under cover of her travelling cloak as they rode home; nor how they both lingered on the portico after the rest had gone into the house, though Mr. Leonard had declined Bennet's urgent invitation to come in and spend the night, what there was left of it.

"Kiss me once before I go, Jessy," the lover pleaded. "I want to be sure that my happiness is real, and not all a blissful dream."

It was too dark for him to see the flickering blush that burned on her cheek as she complied with his request; for she did comply with it, and nestled to his side as he kissed *her*, again and again, holding her as if he could never let her go.

"Good-night, dearie. May God be good to my darling!"

Then he was gone. And Nettie, lingering in the hall above, saw Jessy come flitting in, noiseless as a spirit, and go to her room. And the black-eyed little matron, understanding the

"signs of the times" very well, began forthwith in her own mind to plan for a wedding; and before she slept had everything settled, even to the flowers, and china, and cut-glass for the wedding breakfast, and the fashion of the bride's dress.

The flowers, and china, and cut-glass, were all there a month later, and the bride's dress too—as pretty a dress as need be. But the prettiest thing of all, as Louis averred, was the bride herself; and the dearest, too, in all the world to him, as he told her, kissing the ring that glittered on her hand, fresh from the minister's blessing. That simple gold circlet that told so much. To him it meant home and happiness, and years of wedded bliss; perhaps the sound of children's voices by-and-by; all that his heart craved of love, and peace, and quiet content shadowed forth in the trusting confidence with which his wife turned to him now, a sweet, seriousness in her face, as she called him for the first time by the name of "husband."

And so the results of that quarrel were not so disastrous after all—and yet what might they not have been?

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS R. B. GLEASON, M.D.

Ladies—Now there is a noble band of model housekeepers of which no mention has been made in these letters—those who give their life-energies to their work, cheerfully, just so long as they have the ability to endure it; those martyrs who never complain of much serving, so long as they can carry the cares which come from our modern style of living. I have seen many such prematurely worn thread-bare in body and spirit. A Western asylum for the insane has a long list of inmates brought thither by household cares—so says the record. Surely, there should be some way by which a family not pinched by poverty could eat, drink, dress and sleep without shattering the mind or body of the maternal head of the establishment. The introduction of foreign help and modern improvements into our dwellings seem so to have multiplied and mystified domestic duties, that women are more worn and worried than when they did their own work, spun, wove, made and mended for the whole family. I note that those who keep up a genteel residence, with maids for every department, from laundry to nursery, are always worn out with care. While those who try to maintain a similar style with less help are overtasked, physically and mentally. Now, somewhere between the palace and the shanty there must be a golden mean where wives and mothers can live, if not to threescore and ten, at least to thirty or forty years, without being broken down by domestic work and care. In quiet country homes, where women do their own work, I observe less complaint about being overdone; less nervous solicitude about household affairs; more good food, with much less of waste, than anywhere else. By this, I do not mean that every wife to be *well* should live without hired help. Every woman should do the duty that lies nearest her. It may be to lengthen her husband's slender income by the simplest of means; or it may be by giving homes to those who only can have one by going out to service. But whichever way, let her manner of life be such that she can sustain it, and also maintain her good cheer, which, in a mother, gives a genuine charm to any home, however humble. Our present modes of living call for too much cash from the husband and too much care from the wife. Every home needs the presence and influence of the father as well as the mother; which can never be had, if he has to give body and soul to money making, in order to keep up the home establishment. When the head of the house is held to business, so as to seldom have an hour at home beyond those for eating and sleeping, the wife droops for want of that companionship which drew her from her parental home to his. Besides this, children need, during their impressible years, both the masculine and feminine element to secure their most perfect development. Without the co-operation of the father in family discipline and general guidance, the burden rests too heavily on the mother. That wives may not be overtaxed, let them learn to live more simply; and that husbands may have the needed leisure for home duties, let them learn to live with less money. As the first step toward diminishing family expenses and domestic duties, let us have a *small house*. Very many women have I seen, who said they "were broken down by the care of a large house." In many private residences comfort and convenience are sacrificed to custom and fashion. The kitchen too small, the parlor too large. The one scantily furnished, the other elegantly. Rosewood and damask in the one, while the other is scant of tin basins and small ware for convenient cookery.

And so through the house is plenty of elegant furniture, purchased at great cost, requiring much care, and while there is great want of convenient arrangements which serve to lighten labor. H. W. Beecher defined a parlor as a place where all the grand furniture had moved in and all comfort had moved out. These shut-up places, used only for calls and company, seem to have a confined air, in which no one feels at home, not even the lady of the house. The *best* room is the one in which the whole family find the most comfort. There is an atmosphere of cheerly chat, which can be kept up more readily when friends from without come in than anywhere else.

Let me give you a sketch of one with which I am familiar. A family sitting-room fifteen feet in width by thirty in length, with a coal-grate at one end and a small wood-stove at the other; so that all the emergencies of our changeable climate can be met, in the way of a quick fire for an hour, or a steady one for the twenty-four, or both. The room is divided midway, and the ground-glass in the doors makes a charming twilight in one for conversation, while the lamp for reading is in the other. Each side of the chimney there is a cushioned box which serves as a seat—having wood in one, the family slippers in the other. Here boots and gaiters are exchanged for evening comfort. A small cupboard in the side of the chimney, contains tools for all manner of small repairs. A closet for children's toys, and another for coats and cloaks; a case for books, with shelves below for magazines; on the wall, amid the pictures, is a fancy case for letters and another for newspapers. Under the glass may be found a stand with a series of drawers—a deep one for family mittens and gloves, the smaller ones for each member to occupy with such articles as they please. In the back room a piano, secretary, a closed wash-stand with its many conveniences, a large cupboard in the hall for hats and shawls, with deep drawers below for the articles to be made or mended; also for all bits and ends needed for repairs. Within this room all the varied emergencies incident to an industrious circle can be met without a flight to some remote corner to wash a soiled finger, brush a stray lock, find a hook or a button, a spool of thread or a piece of cloth to meet any want. Here gather all the household, from the grandfather of more than fourscore years with white locks to the youngest brown-haired boy. The tired ones rest on a lounge or in easy chairs, while some one reads. Others mend or make, and the boy in the corner oils his boots or repairs his skates. During study hours the doors are closed; one goes to the piano, another to pen and paper at the secretary, a third to books; and so the family circle is not scattered, but the elder are still at hand to study and instruct the younger, and to receive life and cheer in return.

There is no chapel scene so charming as the family gathering around the open fire; where the youngest may ask a question for the better understanding of the Bible reading before evening prayers. With Cuyler, we believe not only in the "moral and spiritual influence," but in the mental and physical benefit of an *open fire*. Around this all gather to warm their feet, cool their heads and settle their suppers by a hearty laugh over a few nice stories, and so are ready for a good sleep in a cold room.

But some one says this is more like a New England kitchen than a private parlor? We grant it, and that is just what we like. For those old-fashioned large rooms witness more work easily done, more things cheaply learned, combined with more good cheer, than any other apartments ever seen.

Good housekeeping seems to me to consist in making the most people comfortable with the least possible care. To this end never pen people up in private parlors to be entertained, and thus make the wife hurried and anxious lest her guests lack due attention; but give them the freedom of the family room, where each at their leisure can do their part toward making the visitor happy. No woman can so dispatch business, so multiply her gifts and graces, or entertain much company with ceremony, look after children properly, direct domestics, and not work and worry so as to wear out before her time. How can she look well to the ways of her household, even during long winter evenings, when the family are scattered to the four corners of a large house? The older daughters in the parlor receiving calls from gentlemen with whom the mother has not the pleasure, or perchance the pain, of an acquaintance. The younger who have not yet emerged from school into society are in their private rooms reading stories, when they should be studying history. The little ones are in the nursery, in charge of a servant, with whom the family silver would not even be intrusted. And the sons are—where? Rumor answers, Anywhere, but where they should be.

The Israelites did make brick without straw, difficult as it seemed; but how any mother can train her children without being with them, is more mysterious still. She must be where she can see what they are doing, without going to look after them. She must hear what they are saying, without trying to listen. Children are often poisoned in the nursery, by that which is more difficult to eradicate than even drugs.

Now what can we say to quiet these housekeepers who are more nice than wise? Those who wage such unceasing war against dirt and disorder that neither love nor money can give them rest. No, not even the best hired help can bring relief; for none are nice enough to meet their needs. Such must die before their time, for they are like the Scotchman who, on falling into the water, exclaimed, "I will be drowned, nobody shall help me." Such are submerged by care, and will be, because nobody can help them satisfactorily. Nerve and muscle are ever on the stretch lest a fly leave a speck on the window pane, or a spider festoon over so finely some obscure corner.

A friend of mine was asked if she did not think Lucretia Mott the neatest housekeeper she ever saw. "No," she replied; "not the *neatest* but the *best*." When I spent a day with this queenly Quaker woman, I, too, thought her among the best; in that she was at ease herself, and made her family and friends feel so, too. There she sat in the corner by the open fire, in her pleasant parlor, with her mending-basket by her side. So she stitched while she talked of the country and its political prospects; looked after her little grand-daughter, who played beside her; reminded Isaac that it was time for him to take his bitters before dinner; and chatted with us all in a way that made us feel a family freedom—not a bit like a stiff parlor visit.

Now I like this distinction of my friend between the *neatest* and the *best* of housekeepers. Some are so neat as to be always uncomfortably anxious, and make those who would help them feel so, too; for they fear they shall fall short of their standard of neatness and order. With such, "Cleanliness is not only a kin to Godliness," but the more important. Such are the Marthas, who are so cumbered that not even the Marys who have chosen the good part can understand and appreciate their responsibilities sufficiently to afford timely relief. The eternal vigilance which is the price of freedom is just what these pattern housekeepers pay for their position.

When the Disciples came back, after their first mission abroad, our dear Lord said to them: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." This sweet recognition by our Divine Teacher of our human needs should be a comfort to every earnest worker. For all such, along the way of life are little by-paths and nooks for rest, which should be to us what the desert place was to the early Disciples. But too often we are blinded by pride, hurried by an imperious will, and so rush on past these resting places, not seeing them, not believing there are any for us. To all who are in the "narrow" way, the good Father either gives the strength to work or opens a way for rest. It matters little which He plans for us, if we accept it aright. Let wives and mothers live so simply and listen so reverently, that from day to day they may know whether rest or work is their first duty.—*The Herald of Health and Journal of Physical Culture.*

☞ A cow worth having is possessed by a farmer of Westfield, Massachusetts. She is said to be of the Ayrshire and Durham breeds, weighs 1,600 pounds, and gives on an average over 60 pounds of milk per day. Her greatest yield this season was 65½ pounds, and the day following she gave 64 pounds. From November 1, 1865, to November 1, 1866, besides a supply of milk, cream, and butter for family use, the owner sold $150 worth of milk from this single cow.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced in The Post of May 4th a new novelet, called

LORD ULSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novelet of great power and interest.

Our other novelet,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY,

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "Joyce Dormer's Story," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novelet of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

A SPLENDID EDIFICE.

The Public Ledger of this city may now boast of having one of the largest, handsomest, and most complete printing establishments in the world. It is an ornament to Philadelphia; and George W. Childs, the proprietor and planner, deserves great credit therefor.

We cannot pretend to describe the huge building and its numberless conveniences—only the numerous columns of the daily papers are equal to that. We can only say that nothing has been forgotten, and everything provided for.

A magnificent banquet at the Continental Hotel celebrated the completion of the structure. Eminent journalists, politicians and writers from various places were present.

Success to the Public Ledger and its public spirited proprietor!

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

We are glad to learn that there is every prospect that the great Pacific line will be finished at an early day. The entire cost of the whole road is not expected to very much from $110,000,000 exclusive of equipment, and of this sum Government furnishes $50,000,000 of United States Six Per Cent. Bonds, which are equal to money, for which it takes a Second Mortgage as security, and makes a donation of over 20,000,000 of acres of land, while the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds to an additional $50,000,000 may be issued in addition to the stock subscription, thus providing ample means for the completion of this road. Ten thousand men are now cutting their way through and over the Sierra Nevadas of California, coming east, and the track from Omaha west, is being laid more rapidly than was ever before known in the history of railroad building. 345 miles are finished and fully equipped with locomotives, etc, and the cars are running over it, and the remaining distance to the Rocky Mountains, making 517 miles, is under contract to be done by September 1, of the present year.

General Sherman says the U. S. Government could well afford to build the whole road, and would make money by the operation. It is an indispensable national necessity, and, by advancing fifty millions dollars in its own bonds, and by a donation of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the Government *practically guarantees its completion*, for it cannot afford to stop short of it. But the Union Pacific Railroad Company is in itself a strong corporation. Many of its members are railroad builders of large experience, and they have paid in five millions of their own money on the work already done as a part of the capital stock. On this stock they doubtless expect to secure liberal dividends, but which, of course, can be paid only after the interest on the bonded debt is provided for.

On the line of 517 miles from Omaha to the base of the Rocky Mountains, now nearly completed, and on which over twenty million dollars have already been expended, the Union Pacific Company is permitted by law to issue its First Mortgage Bonds only to the same amount which it receives from the Government, viz., $16,000 per mile, amounting to $8,272,000. The net earnings of the finished portion of the road during the month of May were *more than four times* the interest on the Company's bonds issued upon it; and as each section is done, these earnings must show a proportionate increase. If so much is earned on the local business of these sections *now*, what may we not expect when the grand line of near 1,300 miles is open to the Pacific in 1870, when it will receive the great tide of travel and business which will flow over it to the vast mining regions not yet developed—to California, and the whole western coast of the North American continent, and going farther yet, to China and Japan? The road will have no competitor, and the Company can charge such rates as will be profitable to themselves, and yet be economical to the public.

Sad Affair.—Another sad affair happened in this city on Wednesday evening of last week. The American Theatre, on Walnut street, above Eighth, was destroyed by fire, and while the firemen were heroically endeavoring to subdue the flames, the wall fronting on Walnut street fell outward, burying beneath its ruins from twenty-five to thirty persons, the majority being firemen. Of these, nine were taken out dead, and fourteen were removed to the hospital, or their homes, seriously injured. Coming on the heels of the terrible catastrophe in Sansom street, a fortnight since, and from which shock the community has not yet recovered, this new calamity cannot fail to create, in the breasts of all, profound sorrow for the dead, and the most earnest sympathy for their bereaved families. The audience and players all escaped from the theatre uninjured—though some of the actors had to escape in character.

☞ The Scotch preacher, Erskine, once proposed a "poser" to a recreant brother, a blacksmith. Erskine determined to silence him. The conversation proceeded as follows: "Walter Simpson!" "Here sir," says Walter, "are ye wanting me?" "Attention, sir. Now, Walter, can you tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?" "Aye, until he got a wife," instantly replied the anvil hammerer; "but can you tell me how long he stood after?" "Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited divine.

The Jersey Poet "Rocked to Sleep."

The Newark Evening Courier, which first put forth the claim of Mr. A. M. Ball, of New Jersey, to the authorship of Mrs. Akers's beautiful poem of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," has been convinced of its error by the fact that Ball himself admits, in a humiliating letter to Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, that in 1865 he appropriated that lady's poem, "A Still Day in Autumn," written twelve years previously. The Courier in copying this letter says:

"Comment on the above letter is unnecessary. The inevitable verdict will be—he who steals one woman's verses will steal another's. And more than this, he is by his representations or misrepresentations alone responsible for the wrong and injustice heaped upon the head of a gifted and innocent woman by the press of the country. This wrong will of course be righted as far as possible by those journals instrumental in inflicting it, but such an atonement will hardly repay her for the keen mortification she must have suffered in thus being paraded before the public as a plagiarist and liar. By his own confession, Mr. Ball has shown himself to be a literary offender of no common sort, and we wash our hands of him and his 'claims' henceforth."

It is somewhat amusing that Ball's claim was persistently urged by the literary critics of such journals as the Nation, Round Table, Tribune, and Times of New York, who of course must now be quite abashed at the ridiculous game of "base Ball" they have been playing. It will be refreshing to see with what grace they can escape from their championship of such a pretender, and with what justice they can make amends to the lady whom they have so grossly wronged. At all events the New Jersey poet is effectually "Rocked to Sleep" in this instance, and by a little further self-investigation that individual may possibly convince himself that he is no poet at all, but only a dreamy plagiarist of poetic effusions of others.—*Boston Transcript.*

Telegraph Fac Similes.

Mr. Field has brought out to this country a number of very interesting specimens of the system of telegraphing now in operation between Paris and Lyons, and Paris and Bordeaux, by which exact copies of the message are produced at either extremity of the lines, solely by mechanical means. The message is written on prepared paper, covered with a lead-colored surface, which is a non-conductor of the electric fluid. The writing, or drawing, in the ink furnished for the purpose, changes the points touched by it to the opposite electrical character. The pendulum is swinging at each end of the circuit in unison. Its upper end is divided into points—say, like a fine-toothed comb. The message being passed over these at one end, sends a current to correspond with the writing or lines, and produces an exact copy of the original upon the prepared paper held to the vibrating pendulum in the distant city. Thus a fac simile of writing and signature is furnished without any skill of the operator. A drawing of the likeness of a thief or absconding clerk is reproduced with minute faithfulness. Patterns of machinery, patterns for bonnets, hieroglyphics, messages in Chinese, or in an unknown tongue, are copied with as little trouble as the simplest letters of a familiar alphabet. Some notices of this have been given in foreign journals, but no mere verbal description can convey a full idea of the wonderful process. The Hibernian who insisted, some years ago, that the telegraph operator should forward his photograph over the wires to his sweetheart, was only a little ahead of his age, since this can now be done without the slightest trouble, provided the likeness be taken on the proper material.—*Journal of Commerce.*

SONG.

O Spirit of the Summer-time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The gilded evenings, calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing; and the scent
Of meadow lands at dewy prime;—
Oh, bring again my heart's content,
Thou Spirit of the Summer-time!

Horses and Salt.—A traveller in Morocco writes thus: "We purchased of a tribe of Bedouins an Arab horse for our own use. As a matter of course, we made a great pet of him; and almost the first thing we offered him, as a condiment to his feed of barley and straw, was a handful of salt; but, to our surprise, he would not touch it, but turned up his aristocratic nose at it, as if he felt a big disgust at such an unsavory dose. On making further inquiry and experiment, we found that neither the Moors nor Arabs ever gave salt to their horses, cattle or sheep. And yet there are no horses in the world equal in beautiful vigor, in powers of endurance, elasticity of movement and robust constitution, to these same Arab horses."

Laws of Pennsylvania Respecting Interest.—The first and second Sections of the Act of March 2, 1723, fixed the rate of interest at six per cent. and made the penalty of usury, a forfeit of the whole amount loaned. This, however, was repealed by the Act of May 28, 1858, and the law now makes the rate of interest six per cent., but attaches no penalty for taking a greater amount, other than the deduction of the excess of interest charged, from the debt, or if the debt has been paid with the usurious interest, then the recovery of the excess by the borrower, if suit be brought within six months from the time of such payment.

☞ The intelligence of some boys in financial matters speaks volumes as to the daily burden of men's conversation. We stopped one yesterday who was leading a fine mastiff—fierce in look, powerful in muscle, and very probably dangerous, as he was closely muzzled. "What's the dog's name?" asked we. "He isn't named yet," said the boy; "but I want to call him Banknote, for though he runs at everybody else, he won't go at par."

☞ Whenever a President of the United States visits Boston, it is said to have been the invariable custom of Harvard College to confer an honorary degree upon him. President Johnson's visit this month will therefore probably procure him the degree of LL.D.

A New Way of Trapping Rats.

Get a common round wire-trap. Bait it with the most inviting food, and wait patiently until a rat is caught. Instead of killing this rat, and waiting perhaps for weeks before you are fortunate enough to trap another, keep him alive and feed him as much as you would a pet squirrel. In a few days he will become quite reconciled to his cage, and you are now ready for business. At night, bait the trap well and set it where the rats resort most. Some one or more of them, seeing a rat quite at home in the midst of plenty, will enter the trap without any suspicion of harm. Next morning, pump or pour water thoroughly over the trap to clean it, and to make the killing of your prey more easy. Have an empty barrel into which drop the contents of your cage; the prisoners being well soaked, will be so heavy and slow that you can easily knock them on the head. Treat your partially tamed rat, however, "as if you loved him," and return him to his cage; this is easily done by lowering the cage into the barrel. Repeat the operation from night to night, and you will be surprised to see how easy a matter it is to out-wit so cunning an animal as an "old rat."

Be careful not to keep a large one for your tame rat. He will frighten off all the younger fry, as none of them will dare to enter. The only difficult thing in the matter is to get your first rat. I have had a wire trap well baited for weeks before I could entice one to enter it. To get the first, is something like Astor's recipe for getting rich: "Get a thousand dollars clear of the world, and it is all very easy." Since I caught my first rat, I have failed but once for many nights in getting from one to four to keep him company. If your readers will try my plan, I think that something may be done to abate one of the most intolerable nuisances of the country. To say that millions of dollars worth of our property are annually destroyed by rats, would not be an extravagant assertion.—*American Agriculturalist.*

Reagents.

The delicate reagents used in chemical manipulation can scarcely be conceived. To detect the presence of sugar in diabetes, make a solution of the sugar of glucosuria, add a little of the solution of sulphate of copper, and then some caustic potash, and instantly the solution will become red, even if there be only the *ten millionth of a grain* of sugar present. Compared with the following, however, this is quite rough: Dissolve one grain of silver in a small quantity of pure nitric acid, and then pour this solution of silver into 8,250 gallons of water, or about eighty barrels. When well diffused through the mass, put one drop of this water upon a plate of glass, and touch it with a glass rod previously dipped into pure hydrochloric acid. The drop of the solution will become turbid or milky, indicating the presence of silver, although there is contained in that drop only the *two hundred millionth of a grain of silver.*

☞ When the Board of Overseers of Harvard College were elected by the Legislature, the struggle was, not to elect men peculiarly fitted for the position, but to secure in that body a representative of each religious sect. Upon one occasion, while the contest was in progress, a member complained that the Methodists were unrepresented on this Board. Another denied this, saying: "J.——— H——— is an overseer, and he certainly is a Methodist." "No," replied the complainant; "he is a backslider; he has joined the Presbyterians." Upon this a third member rose in his place and gravely remarked: "Mr. President, it is all right; *the Backsliders are a numerous body*, and should certainly be represented on the Board."

☞ Bonnets.—The bonnets are as small as possible. The aim of the poetical modistes seems to be to copy butterflies that have alighted for a moment in their flight.—*Paris Fashions.*

☞ A ball struck a little boy in the eye, last week. Strange to say, the *bowl* immediately came out of his mouth.

☞ A Connecticut newspapar states that the third wife of a poor man living in Putnam, in that state, has worked in a factory till she has saved $120, which she expended, without the knowledge of her husband, in the erection of two neat headstones in the cemetery to the memory of his two dead wives. Is that woman's sister married?

☞ Thackeray says that the soothing plant of Cuba is sweeter to the philosopher after dinner than the prattle of all the women in the world.

☞ New York, according to a correspondent, is at present puzzling itself on the question, "Which is the worst enemy of society, the family that keeps a parrot, or the one whose eldest son is learning to play the bugle?"

☞ Time matures, but does not always improve. A very little man having been engaged for some years to a lady in England, readily made arrangements for her joining him in Hong Kong, China. But the lapse of time had not improved the sylph-like appearance of the fair one's form. She was not only a very big woman, but she had grown uncommonly stout. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the affrighted bridegroom, rushing into the mess-room, after his first interview with her, "am I expected to marry *all that?*"

☞ A lady found occasion to call upon a dentist to have her teeth filled. Among those filled were two front ones, and when in a pleasant mood the lady's face shone with smiles, while polished gold shone from the upper incisors. These were observed with admiration by her little niece, who, by-and-by, seriously remarked: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

☞ This is the age of monuments. The Sandwich Islanders are about to erect one in honor of Captain Cook, as a slight atonement for the conduct of their forefathers in eating him.

☞ The last fashion in Paris seems to cap the climax of ridicule. It is the new form of announcing a birth:—"Monsieur de X—— has the honor to inform you of his birth, which took place day before yesterday. He and his mother are as well as could be expected."

☞ An English woman recently recovered damages for injuries received in a railroad accident by her infant, for which she had paid no fare. The company appealed on the ground that they had not contracted for the safe transit of the child, but the Lord Chief Justice held that they had tacitly agreed to carry it by allowing it to pass muster with its mother, and so became responsible for its safety.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A DISTANT INVITATION—OTHERWISE ENGAGED—VISIT TO PISCO—LATEEN CRAFT—THE CHINCHAS—GUANO DEPOSITS—HUANOES—STRANGE EPISODE.

A message that we received about ten days after our arrival at Ica a good deal surprised and at first somewhat piqued and annoyed us. But we soon recovered from our astonishment, and found little difficulty in putting off our first vexatious chagrin. "Let them tangle and tie themselves up for life—let them enjoy the present and be happy in the future, if they can," we all said or thought, speaking and thinking of our friends who had separated from us on the road from Tambobambe and gone on to Arequipa.

It was from that portion of our party that we received the message at Ica. Frankly and off hand enough the communication informed us that the Eeslings, with all the members of our party who had accompanied them to Arequipa, were at Tacna, a pretty interior town situated about midway between Arequipa and Arica, that they would remain there with some friends of the Eeslings perhaps two or three weeks, and that during their sojourn four members of the party would become matrimonially and mutually enslaved, the dispatch winding up with an invitation to us to ride over to Tacna, witness the nuptials and participate in the festivities.

In council we promptly decided to decline the invitation. Why should we go riding over a rough, rugged, half-civilized region, a jaunt of a hundred leagues, merely to witness a wedding, or a pair of them, which might, we argued, just as well have been delayed a few days and then consummated at Ica? If our nuptially inclined companions could not wait until they came down to us, they might wait long enough before we could go up to dance and feast at their wedding at Tacna. It was none of us that were to be made happy matrimonially, and we were going to seek happiness in another direction. We had our own plans laid in another direction, and such being our joint resolution, we dispatched Shiako, accompanied by three reliable *chaulas*, to Tacna with letters advising the Eeslings and those with them of our determination, bidding them to go on with their getting married and be as happy as they would; as for us, we were going to the Chinchas.

We had heard so much and after all knew so little, and that little so indifferently, of the wonderful guano deposits of these Peruvian islands, that our curiosity was largely excited, and having before us both leisure and admirable opportunities, we resolved to improve them, for the double purpose of satisfying curiosity, and at the same time so educating ourselves, that in future we might be able to answer intelligently any questions that might be put to us respecting the islands and their singular manurial deposits. So, taking passage in a Yankee bark under Peruvian colors, we proceeded to Pisco, a pretty, poor little town, about the size of Ica, situated on the coast within the Chinchas, which are separated from the main land by a deep, navigable channel, varying from nine to twenty miles in width.

Having first established ourselves in comfortable quarters at Pisco, our next look out was to engage two of the queer lateen craft, much in use on this portion of the coast, of sufficient capacity to carry our party, as well as provisions and water, neither of which are to be had for any consideration on the islands. We were fortunate in securing, on reasonable terms, two fine *falieures*, with intelligent patrons and active mariners, who were chartered to carry us off and cruise under our directions for a week or ten days, should we require their services so long.

These little lateen craft of the Peruvian coast are miniature copies of their Mediterranean namesakes, being small, undecked, light, fast sailing craft, with very short masts, very long, tapering lateen yards, spreading an immense clew of canvas in two or three triangular sails, that reefing on the yard, which, when hoisted up, crosses the masts diagonally, makes a very correct copy of a capital X, and in shortening sail the yard is brought down some two feet by every reef, while whenever in a severe sudden squall it becomes necessary to take in sail in a hurry, by letting go the single halyard, down comes in a second yard and sail with a clash, and all is snug as a biscuit, as sailors say. In size the craft vary from three to six tons, are entirely without deck, provided with cushioned seats fore and aft on both sides, like our street railway cars, all the after part being covered with an awning, and conveniences for cooking arranged amidship, so that as there are no rains to disturb or severe squalls of wind to encounter, these little lateen ships of the Peruvian coast are really as comfortable craft for a cruise as can well be contrived for these particular regions. And with two such vessels well manned, provisioned, *wined* and watered, we went to sea at daylight one morning to explore the Chinchas and study Peruvian guano.

However interesting in a scientific point of view the study of the Chincha deposits may be, certainly it is not particularly pleasant, especially when very closely pursued with the mercury standing at one hundred and twenty odd in the sun, a hot breeze blowing in spiteful puffs, filling the air with pungent ammoniated dust liberated from the beds by shovels of six hundred and fifty red flannel shirted diggers, until the whole atmosphere was clouded guano, so densely that we literally breathed the very essence of fertility in spasmodic gasps, and by the agency of profuse perspiration our immaculate linen and delicate lawns were changed to reddish brown, our persons plastered over with ammoniated manure made into paste, were tinted fac similes of original Peruvians, while the pungent particles, penetrating eyes, ears, noses, throats, lungs, and the very pores of the skin, smarting, itching and tingling, causing us to wriggle, scratch and jerk as if visited by a malignant St. Vitus dance, transformed by ammoniacal agency several usually decently behaved individuals into ungovernable monomaniacs.

How all those red shirted diggers, and more awful still, the flannel clad sailors in the stifling atmosphere of the ship's holds, shovelling over and stowing away in close quarters such stinking stuff day after day and week after week, was a mystery beyond our comprehension. As for us, three hours of close inspection satisfied us that although the guano trade was immensely profitable, the handling of the material was not particularly pleasant under any circumstances. Indeed, our three hours' experience quite cured us of all ambition to become amateur guano inspectors at the Chinchas, and our investigations thereafter were directed more especially towards the topography of the islands and characteristics of the deposits. So little has been written publicly upon these two points, that perhaps two or three brief paragraphs upon the subject may not be altogether out of place, or entirely devoid of interest to the general reader.

Of the five principal islands that comprise the group called the Chinchas, only three have guano deposits in any considerable amount, the others having the material in patches only, and these in quantity and quality that render them unworthy of commercial notice. Why the marine animals and birds that through a long series of ages were engaged in building up these immense manurial piles should have given the preference to the three selected, almost entirely neglecting the others, which in every respect seem to be equally eligible, it is difficult to understand, though doubtless the beasts and birds had their special reasons for what they did, understanding the requisites of the case probably a great deal better than we can.

The principal island of deposit, though not the largest of the group, is the second one from seaward coming in from the N. W., lozenge, or rather pear shaped, its longest diameter being from N. N. W. to S. S. E., the length no more than about fifteen hundred yards, and its greatest width perhaps two-thirds as great. Originally the surface was slightly rolling, of rock structure, and at no point more than twenty feet above the sea. The deposits, however, which were evidently began and for ages continued by sea animals exclusively, are of unequal depths, varying from five to forty-five feet, and in two or three instances considerably exceeding the latter depth.

The earlier deposits were made almost exclusively by seals and sea lions, and are not composed of excrement entirely, as the majority of those who traffic in and use guano as a fertilizer suppose, but much of it is made up of the carcases of defunct animals, who dying on shore, were dried in that rainless region into mummies, gradually covered by after accumulations, and at length decomposed, so that generally only casts of their original forms, skeletons or bones are found in making excavations, though in some instances skeletons of birds and animals are found entire, and in a few the remains of human beings of a race probably now extinct have been exhumed in the lower strata.

At length, after long ages, the *huano* came to co-operate with the seals and sea lions in building up these vast compost heaps, continuing the work jointly, it would seem, during centuries of time, after which the marine animals began to disappear, dropping off gradually, until finally the pretty speckled diver of the Pacific, whom no one has noticed as he deserves, was left master of the Chinchas and sole manufacturer of Peruvian guano.

The bird that has contributed so largely towards this great supply of manurial wealth is worthy of a brief notice; and he shall have it here, though there is no space for scientific biography or circumstantial description. The *Huano* is the Quecche name of this marine bird of the West Coast—and although he must have been long and familiarly known to eminent ornithologists, no one among them seems to have regarded him as worthy of being rechristened and placed in legitimate position in the bird kingdom, and so the few that know his name at all, call him *huano* to-day, as the ancient Peruvians did in the days of their Inca Sovereigns.

In size the huano is a third less than a medium Guinea-fowl, resembling that bird somewhat in shape, though lighter and more symmetrically built. The body is speckled, black and white, head rather small, and long, clad in short, black feathers, with a keen, bright black eye, and a straight, strong bill from six to seven inches long, very sharp, and hard as tempered steel; the legs are as long and thick in proportion as those of the domestic hen-turkey, with the feet semi-webbed—*i. e.* the film extend about half the length of the toes, which are long, and armed with strong, sharp claws.

The food of the huano is a small handsome fish, in size and appearance very like the Sardines of the Mediterranean, which swim in shoals of vast numbers, never within less than a fathom of the surface. The huanoes fly at a great height—seldom less than two thousand feet—and discovering their prey beneath the surface. As if by preconcerted signal, down they come simultaneously by thousands and tens of thousands, with closed wings, straight head foremost, whizzing down like an arrow's flight, each going into the water with a sharp *chuck*; and where the number of divers is great, churning the entire surface to a considerable extent into white foam, disappearing for from twenty to thirty seconds, during which time they have seized and gorged their prey, when they pop up rapidly, their light buoyancy sending them several feet above the surface, from which position they fly round and round in small circles, rising rapidly until they have attained a sufficient altitude for another look-out and dive.

Though these small fish which make the exclusive food of the huano swarm as plentifully at the present time in the near neighborhood of the Chinchas as they ever did probably, the birds in any considerable numbers are never found near the islands—nor have they been these hundred and fifty years; though at various points along the coast farther south, in lone, uninhabited rocky nooks and obscure bays seldom visited by man, they still make their haunts and breed in vast numbers. At several of these points there are small deposits of guano, some of which is gathered by small coasting craft and transferred to larger vessels at Callao, Ica, Islay, Arica, &c., for the foreign trade. But the aggregate thus collected is insignificant, and the quality far inferior to that of the Chinchas.

From the first opening of the trade the Peruvian government restricted shipments of guano to the larger island, from which at the time the Spaniards seized the Chinchas, about three-fifths of the deposits had been removed, leaving those of the two smaller ones, which, taken together, will probably about equal the original quantity on the larger island, intact. Should the guano trade from the Chinchas be revived, and the annual export be made to equal that of 1865, it would require but about eleven years to exhaust the supply entirely.

One day during the period of our circumnavigating, hydrographizing and topographizing the Chinchas, a very singular and withal most melancholy episode occurred. We had dined twice, and were finishing our third dinner on board a fine English ship, Yeoman, commanded by Captain Robert Markland, a very beau ideal of a sailor, and as finished a gentleman as ever trod the quarter-deck of any ship, when we were suddenly and strangely interrupted.

The steward, an old veteran who had sailed a dozen years with Captain Markland's father, came rushing into the cabin looking wild, and bewildered, and scarcely able to articulate, gasped out:

"My God, sir! they have brought Captain Markland, your father, and *that woman* on board!"

"In the name of heaven! are you drunk or mad, Peter Warren?" Captain Markland exclaimed, leaping up in an instant almost as excited as the old steward himself, who replied more calmly,

"No, Captain, I am sober and sane; and I tell you your father and the woman are both here on the quarter-deck. The men found them in the guano bank, and Mr. Jenks, the second mate, who sailed with us in the Countess of Scarborough, and knew your father as well as I did, recognized him by the watch and chain, and the pair of pistols he always carried about him."

The Captain rushed on deck, and almost as much excited as himself we followed as fast as we could. It was a strange, horrible picture that was presented to us. There on the quarter-deck lay two ghastly, grinning skeletons—one slight and fragile as that of a delicate woman, the other that of a large-boned man, who in life must have stood fully six feet high. The bony, fleshless arms of the two grim skeletons were clasped closely about each other's necks, and the fingers locked together so firmly that only by violence could the skeletons have been separated.

On the drumhead of the capstan near by lay a brace of double-barrelled pistols, rust-eaten and decayed, a heavy gold watch, with a peculiarly wrought chain, to which was suspended a ship's anchor in massive gold, on the stock of which was engraved a name still plainly legible. The name was that of *Edward T. Markland.*

Besides these relics, there was a handful of Spanish gold coin, and several rings of value, and such sizes as would fit the slender fingers of a delicate woman; all but the gems discolored and blackened.

"It is indeed the remains of my father," Captain Markland declared, after having examined the articles lying on the capstan, and then, after ordering the ghastly remains covered with the ship's flag, the Captain told us a strange story.

Twenty-eight years previously, when he was but a child, his father had abandoned his ship, of which he was one-quarter owner, in the harbor of Callao, going away in the ship's launch, taking with him two of the sailors, and from the city, the daughter of one of the richest merchants in the place. An inward-bound Chilean vessel, had seen a launch with four persons in her, steering to the southward out through the Buccaron Channel; but that was all that was ever heard from any of them until that day, when, after a lapse of twenty-eight years, the two skeletons had been found buried in the guano and brought on board the ship. All the rest—how they came there, who buried them, or by what means they died, remain a sealed mystery that will probably remain such forever.

☞ A Roman correspondent says that among the notabilities now in that city is a ritualist clergyman of the Anglican Church, who appears at all the Roman Catholic ceremonies attired in the full dress of a pilgrim or hermit, and assists most devoutly at all the religious functions of the season.

☞ THE ENGLISH ARMY.—Seven millions of pounds sterling ($35,000,000) are invested in commissions in the English army. To destroy the purchase system, by which the largest purse commands the highest rank, the government would have to pay this large sum to the investors in commissions.

☞ Ik Marvel says a country house without a porch is like a man without an eyebrow.

☞ A theological student had visions telling him to go to Rome. Applying to a hard-headed old D. D., he was met with the rebuff, "Go to Rome! Nonsense! Go and dig!"

☞ The ninety-nine $1,000 bonds which have been missing from the Treasury Department for some days past were found recently in a package in which they had been erroneously placed.

☞ Last month, descending, in the morning, the inmates of a house in Kensington, London, beheld their plated-ware stained with aquafortis, and contemptuously rejected by astute burglars, who disdained incumbrance of anything less valuable than silver.

☞ A Chicago barber cut off a customer's ear recently at an expense of $2,800.

☞ The steamer Periere, the fastest vessel of the French line, plying between Havre and New York, has made another quick passage across the ocean. Her time was nine days and four hours from dock to dock, and she beat the Cunard steamer nearly forty-eight hours to New York.

☞ Countess Guiccioli has finished her memoirs of Byron, and they will soon be published.

☞ If the reports from Europe are true, the Mexicans are going back to the customs of the feudal ages and demanding ransoms for their prisoners. Juarez asks for Maximilian the modest sum of $12,500,000, in gold, as a ransom.

☞ A country editor, describing the bonnets now in fashion, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes." Ungallant man. Dare you say that to Betsy?

☞ A divorce suit was recently tried in Phelps county, Mo., in which the plaintiff was a Judge who sat in his own case, and upon the pleading, entered a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony between himself and wife, who agreed to the arrangement. Being a judge has its advantages.

☞ Some of the girls have remonstrated against a patent being used for the fastening of buttons on clothes by a screw, declaring that if the men can put on their own buttons that way, they will never get married.

☞ Iodine, placed in a small box with a perforated lid, destroys organic poisons in rooms. In cases of small-pox this method, it is said, may be used with great benefit.

☞ The rival railroad and steamboat companies connecting New York and Albany have carried their competition into the Far West, and tickets are sold from New York to Cleveland for $3 and to Chicago for $7.

☞ A cold in the head, according to an eminent French physician, can be cured by inhaling hartshorn. The inhalation should be by the nose, seven or eight times in five minutes.

☞ Honolulu despatches announce the death of the famous Col. Cæsar Kaluaikau Kauhanuapaookalaiot Kamakaeheukakai Koelackaloui Kapapaakoo. "He left a name at which the world grew pale"—to pronounce.

Fatality of Numbers.

The laws governing numbers are so perplexing to the uncultivated mind, and the results arrived at by calculations are so astonishing, that it cannot be a matter of surprise if superstition has attached itself to numbers.

But even to those who are instructed in numeration, there is much that is mysterious and unaccountable, much that only an advanced mathematician can explain to his own satisfaction. The neophyte sees the numbers obedient to certain laws; but *why* they obey these laws he cannot understand; and the fact of his not being able so to do tends to give to numbers an atmosphere of mystery which impresses him with awe.

For instance, the property of the number 9, discovered, I believe, by W. Green, who died in 1704, is inexplicable to any one but a mathematician. The property to which I allude is this, that when 9 is multiplied by 2, by 3, by 4, by 5, by 6, &c., it will be found that the digits composing the product, when added together, give 9. [Thus:

2 multiplied by 9 equals 18, and 1 plus 8 equals 9
3 " 9 " 27, " 2 " 7 " 9
4 " 9 " 36, " 3 " 6 " 9
5 " 9 " 45, " 4 " 5 " 9
6 " 9 " 54, " 5 " 4 " 9
7 " 9 " 63, " 6 " 3 " 9
8 " 9 " 72, " 7 " 2 " 9
9 " 9 " 81, " 8 " 1 " 9
10 " 9 " 90, " 9 " 0 " 9

It will be noticed that 9 multiplied by 11 makes 99, the sum of the digits of which is 18 and not 9, but the sum of the digits 1 multiplied by 8 equals 9.

9 mul'd by 12 equals 108, and 1 plus 0 plus 8 eq. 9
9 " 13 " 117, " 1 " 1 " 7 " 9
9 " 14 " 126, " 1 " 2 " 6 " 9

And so on to any extent.]

M. de Malvan discovered another singular property of the same number. If the order of the digits expressing a number be changed, and this number be subtracted from the former, the remainder will be 9 or a multiple of 9, and, being a multiple, the sum of its digits will be 9.

For instance, take the number 21, reverse the digits, and you have 12; subtract 12 from 21, and the remainder is 9. Take 63, reverse the digits, and subtract 36 from 63; you have 27, a multiple of 9, and 2 plus 7 equals 9. Once more, the number 13 is the reverse of 31; the difference between these numbers is 18, or twice 9.

Again, the same property found in two numbers thus changed is discovered in the same numbers raised to any power.

Take 21 and 12 again. The square of 21 is 441, and the square of 12 is 144; subtract 144 from 441, and the remainder is 297, a multiple of 9; besides, the digits expressing these powers added together give 9. The cube of 21 is 9261, and that of 12 is 1728; their difference is 7533, also a multiple of 9.

The number 37 has also somewhat remarkable properties: when multiplied by 3 or a multiple of 3 up to 27, it gives in the product three digits exactly similar. From the knowledge of this the multiplication of 37 is greatly facilitated, the method to be adopted being to multiply merely the first cipher of the multiplicand by the first multiplier; it is then unnecessary to proceed with the multiplication, it being sufficient to write twice to the right hand the cipher obtained, so that the same digits will stand in the unit, tens, and hundreds places.

For instance, take the results of the following table:

37 mult'd by 3 gives 111, and 3 times 1 equals 3
37 " 6 " 222, " 3 " 2 " 6
37 " 9 " 333, " 3 " 3 " 9
37 " 12 " 444, " 3 " 4 " 12
37 " 15 " 555, " 3 " 5 " 15
37 " 18 " 666, " 3 " 6 " 18
37 " 21 " 777, " 3 " 7 " 21
37 " 24 " 888, " 3 " 8 " 24
37 " 27 " 999, " 3 " 9 " 27

☞ A "big sister" teaching her little brother mental arithmetic, said: "Now, Charles, suppose you have twenty sugar plums, and you want to divide them into four parts. You give baby five and me five, what would you do with the other ten?" "Suck 'em," was the reply.

☞ Perhaps the infant, when he sighs and weeps, hears, as in a sea-shell, the moan and roar of the ocean of life.

☞ An Ohio editor, who has received a cake of sugar, made from the sap of the black walnut tree, pronounced it superior to maple sugar.

☞ Immense herds of cattle, it is said, roam at large through the wild lands of Florida and Georgia, and they prove a serious inconvenience to the railroad trains—scarcely a train being run at night without running over various animals, with the risk of being thrown from the track.

☞ MURDER AN ACCIDENT.—Accidental insurance companies in England paid the policy held by the heirs of a murdered man, arguing that murder is an accident.

☞ A British association, exploring in Palestine, has discovered what is supposed to be the synagogue which was hallowed by our Saviour's presence.

☞ It is a singular fact that for over a century and a half no monarch of France has been succeeded by his son.

☞ In five days of last week, there was shipped from Vineland, N. J., to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, two thousand five hundred and seventy-three bushels and eighteen quarts of strawberries, and it is said that double that quantity will be shipped this week.

☞ Gen. Grant made one of his characteristic speeches at Wheeling, recently. He was introduced to the citizens by Gov. Boreman, at the conclusion of whose remarks it began to rain a little. The anxiously awaited reply of the great chief was, "Gentlemen, I hope you won't stay in the rain long." But the lengthiest speech the General ever made was spoken by him at West Point on the occasion of presenting the first prize of the graduating class of 1867 to Cadet Ruffner. He said: "Cadet Ruffner, I present to you this testimonial with great pleasure, as having been won by superior merit, placing you at the head of your class; may it be the token of your future course, in which I trust you may be foremost in the paths of duty in which your country calls."

☞ The German papers announce the death of a man who was so devoted an admirer of Cervantes that he spent nearly the whole of his life and a considerable fortune in collecting every edition of "Don Quixote" which has been published in Europe since its first appearance. There were found in the library of this curious bibliomaniac 400 editions of "Don Quixote" in the Spanish language, 168 in French, 200 in English, 87 in Portuguese, 96 in Italian, 70 in German, 4 in Russian, 4 in Greek, 8 in Polish, 6 in Danish, 13 in Swedish, and 5 in Latin.

A YOUNG lady, who is a zealous non-intrusionist, and an active canvasser in support of the Free Presbyterian Church, called upon a poor man in the links of Kirkaldy to solicit his mite; and, after in vain trying her ingenuity to find some means by which he might save a penny a week, to be given for the support of the minister, who was about to be driven from his kirk by the vile Erastians, she asked, "Do you shave yourself?" "Nae, mem." "How much does your shaving cost you?" "Tippence a week." "Could you not learn to shave yourself and then you would save the two pence, which you might give to the sustenation fund?" "Deed, mem, I'm ower auld to learn, but I'll tell ye what I'll do: if your minister will come and shave me, I'll gie him the tippence."

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OR POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUNSTROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar6-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS renovate and invigorate the system of those who have by hidden indulgence destroyed their health. Sufferers, be not deceived, this remedy is your only hope. Sold by every respectable druggist in the world. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the evening of the 19th instant, by the Rev. J. K. Murphy, CHARLES E. MEYER to MARIE B., daughter of Humphrey Yearsley, Esq., Middletown, Del. county, Pa.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. HENRY CARRIGAN to Miss ELIZA RUTLEDGE, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. EDMUND M. KINGSLAND to Miss JULIA M. ATKINS, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. THOMAS MITCHELL to Miss ELIZABETH MCGREGOR, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., GEORGE LESCURE to Miss MARY C., daughter of Wm. C. Thompson, Esq., both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. E. T. Kenney, Mr. ISAAC S. SHORT to Miss EMMA PERMAR, both of Smyrna, Delaware.

On the 14th of Feb., by the Rev. Charles Hill, FREDERICK M. ADAMS, Jr., to Miss ADELAIDE J. SMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, ELIZABETH D., wife of Robt. Hershaw, aged 43 years.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM GALLAGHER, aged 46 years.

On the 18th instant, ISAAC M. SHERRYE, in his 45th year.

On the 17th instant, SAMUEL P. BOYER, in his 34th year.

On the 17th instant, ISABELLA, wife of Wm. Wilson, in her 24th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH COUNTISS, in her 61st year.

On the 15th instant, GEORGE A. PARKER, aged 25 years.

On the 15th instant, REGINALD H. REED, in his 26th year.

On the 15th instant, NEWELL E. LAWRENCE, in his 30th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. Sales 4000 bbls at $8@9 for superfine, $9@9,50 for extra, $10@11,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, $11@13 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; 200 bbls sold at $6,75@7 ₩ bbl. 400 bbls of Brandywine Corn Meal sold at $5,75.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull; 2000 bus common Penna red sold at $2,05@2,10; 1000 bus good do at $2,25@2,31; 2500 bus prime at $2,50, and 600 bus choice at $2,60@2,68; California sells at from $2,75@2,80 ₩ bus. Rye; 1000 bus Penna sold in lots at $1,40 ₩ bus. Corn; 80,000 bus sold at $1,03@1,05 for prime yellow, including Western mixed at $1,02@1,03. Oats; 18,000 bus sold at 74@76c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Small sales are making at $23 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 15@17½ ₩ ℔ for plain and fancy bagged bacon Hams; 13½@14½c for pickled do; 9@9½c for salt Shoulders; 12½@13½c ₩ ℔ for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef is selling at $17@20 for Western, and $23@25 ₩ bbl for city packet. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Butter—Small sales are making at 9@12½c for roll, and 9@14c for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 16@18c ₩ ℔ for New York factory. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market continues dull. About 700 bales of middlings sold, in lots, at from 27@28c ₩ ℔ for Uplands, and New Orleans.

BARK continues scarce. 30 hhds first No 1 Quercitron sold at $42 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 41½@42c ₩ ℔.

COAL—The market continues very dull. We quote White Ash at $4,50@4,75, and Red Ash at $4,75@5 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime Western at 50@55c ₩ ℔.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 6@6½c, and Western at 6½@7c. Dried Peaches range at 10@11c for halves; 9@10c for quarters, and 25@30c for pared.

HOPS—Prime sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing; 200 tons of No. 1 Anthracite sold at $44 ₩ ton; No. 2 at $40@42, and forge at $37@39 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig is quoted at $44@45.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—We quote prime at $8@8,50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy sells at $3,50@3, and Flaxseed at $3,05 ₩ bushel.

TALLOW—20,000 lbs of city rendered sold at 11c and country at 10½c ₩ ℔.

WOOL—There is more doing; 260,000 lbs of unwashed new sold at from 35@37c; small sales of old are making at from 51@62c for double extra; 57@58c for extra; 56@58c for fine; 48@50c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 53@57c for good tub washed; 43@45c for inferior do; 45@47c for extra western pulled, and 32@35c ₩ ℔ for No. 1 western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 15@19 cts ₩ ℔. 350 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6@7 cts ₩ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $9@10,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

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Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 28 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

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will be sent gratis to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and *one* engraving, - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

A MEMORIAM.

Through the winter plunge the billows,
Thundering on that rocky shore;
And she lieth, propped with pillows,
Listening sadly to their roar:
And the vivid heetic roses
Each day brighten on her cheek,
And each eve, as twilight closes,
Faint her voice sinks, faint and weak.

Spring returns, and calm and saintly
Lies she, like a statue fair;
And she asketh, low and faintly,
"Tell me of the outer air?
Tell me are the May trees blowing?
Are the meadows sprent with gold?
Are sweet breezes o'er them flowing
Soft, as in the days of old?"

Summer-tide, she lives to hearken
To the nightingale's wild song;
And her chamber seems to darken
Scarcely all the midnight long.
But when sunset golden flushes,
"Ah!" she murmurs, "would 'twere morn;"
And when daylight rosy blushes,
Sighs, "Would God this day were gone."

Autumn comes, with vintage golden,
Gathered fruits, and hoarded grain;
And once more hath she beholden
Beauty spread o'er hill and plain.
But ere winter flings the billows,
Lashing high each forming crest,
Lies she underneath the willows,
Past all change—at last at rest.

☞ A Frenchman in London has twenty dogs, each of a different breed, which he styles his "grand armee," and which he puts through a manual of military regulations. He will cry "Order," and the dogs will form in line; "Right foot forward," and each dog will advance his right foot; "Left foot forward," and each dog will raise his corresponding member. "March," and the dogs will "step off," in a lively manner. He will shout "Picket," and each dog will take a separate position on the watch. He will issue the command to "Telegraph," and each animal will bark, and the bark be confirmed by his fellow—with many other performances of a similar character.

☞ The alteration of the earth's axis of rotation by the tidal friction has by some physicists been assumed as a sufficient explanation of changes in the earth's climate. Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, has investigated the question, and, in the monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, has demonstrated the failure of that theory to account for the phenomena. Geologists who have built up elaborate arguments upon that assumption will have to reconsider their conclusions.

☞ A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Jehiel, don't tell anybody you beaued me home." "Sary," said he, emphatically, "don't you mind. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

☞ When sorrow is asleep wake it not.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and the rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank—
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day thro',
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done:
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with a dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.
The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick—
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green moss grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

A NIGHT WITH THE FENIANS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

It was in March last that I found myself a guest at the Rev. Theophilus Dillon's hospitable house in the Golden Vale of Tipperary. I had just "finished" my education, and thought myself quite a grown-up woman, and many degrees removed in intelligence, although only a few months in time, from the status of a school-girl. That was also the private opinion of dear Eleanor, who had passed her youth at the same English seminary with myself, and to whose friendship I owed my present position at her father's house. But there was this difference between us: Nelly was as brave as the Maid of Saragossa or Joan of Arc, and I am afraid I was a bit of a coward. True, all my home-life had been passed in London, where, although processions abound, revolts are as yet quite unheard of; while Nelly's had been spent in the centre of a disaffected district, where rebellion is a chronic disease, and pike-heads as ordinary an article of manufacture as knitted stockings. I had heard of Fenianism, of course, but it was always treated as a subject of jocularity. The Irish, I was told, must always be wild about something or other, and Fenianism was the latest form of the national complaint. As for its appearance in England, my good father (whose opinions are what are called "extreme liberal," I believe,) always contended that the little fracas at Chester was nothing more than a well-meaning attempt on the part of that respectable but somewhat *passé* city to bring itself into general notoriety.

Under these circumstances, and indoctrinated with such views, I wrote to accept dear Eleanor's invitation at a time when many young ladies would have hesitated to pay a visit to a country-house in Ireland; but it was my ignorance, and not any natural intrepidity, that consented. Before I got half-way across the water, my valor oozed out through my daintily-gloved fingers, as I listened to the experiences and apprehensions of my fellow-voyagers. Every step I took on dry land (if the soil of Erin can so be termed by courtesy, for it rains there five days out of six, and most of the ground is bog,) corroborated the fears thus imparted. A thousand times upon the way to Tipperary, I wished myself back in Pimlico; and when at last I reached the Golden Vale (upon a car with a policeman armed with a bayonet,) I would gladly have exchanged my new position for safe lodgings even in Golden Square. The situation was romantic, I own: far as the eye could reach, it dwelt upon the most fertile land in all the Emerald Isle, girt by a fine range of still snow-topped mountains. The house, too, was large and comfortable, although by no means distinguished for architectural beauty. Castletower, as its name implied, was a square and very lofty edifice, consisting of no less than five stories, from the roof of which there would really have been a sublime view, had the country been loyal and quiet—but for me it was always spoiled by Fenians in the foreground. Every other day, we were informed that the next night was certainly fixed upon for the general rising; and Eleanor assured me—with the mistaken idea that it would give me confidence—that neither her father nor her brothers ever went to bed without loaded revolvers beneath their pillows. The wrongs of Ireland I do not pretend to understand, but I keenly felt the injustice that had been committed upon myself in inveigling me from Cadogan Place, S. W., to a locality so fraught with peril. It was small satisfaction to me to be convinced that the Rev. Theophilus and his sons would make a stout resistance, and would never suffer one hair of my head, or even my *chignon*, to be harmed, as long as they had life to draw a hair-trigger; but what could they do against the whole country-side, with a contingent from New York to aid it, beyond enraging our assailants by a vain resistance. The very possession of those arms of precision—they had two rifles apiece at the very least—in which they put such trust would make them an object of attack in case of a rising, for it was known that the rebels stood much in need of such weapons, and indeed had both demanded and obtained them from more than one house in the neighborhood.

"They had better not ask for *my* gun," quoth the Rev. Theophilus, grimly, "or they will most assuredly get what they deserve—namely, its contents." And he was just the man to keep his word. A kindly-hearted but stubborn-spirited Orangeman, inspired with the utmost contempt for the hostility of that rabble-rout of whose sudden gatherings and disappearances, isolated acts of outrage, and general evil-doings, we had new tidings every day: a man who, while conscientiously performing his sacred duties within their necessarily very limited sphere—his parishioners numbering, I think, but sixteen souls, one of whom, although apparently thought very highly of by the household, was, to my certain knowledge, what we should call in England an idiot—a man, I say, although a spiritual pastor by profession, who seemed to me to be at least equally fitted for the command of a regiment, and as sure to draw down upon himself the vengeance of an insurrectionary movement, as the lightning-conductor upon his roof to attract the levin. His two sons inherited his character, and although following no calling beyond that of field-sports, appeared excellently adapted to be captains of irregular cavalry; fine, dashing, pleasant young fellows, but unfortunately as dead to the fact that they were living among a hostile population as any inhabitants of Clapham or Blackheath. They had all the audacity of their father, but without his intelligence; and although taking the precautions I have mentioned, they did so solely in obedience to his request, and without the slightest belief in the necessity of the case, though it was as patent as the sun at noonday.

Dear Eleanor was almost as foolish in her incredulity; but although she often rallied me upon my fears, she never rallied my courage, or caused me to relax my vigilance on behalf of that menaced garrison, which would not be upon the alert to guard itself. There were two things in which I put my trust: first, in the Rev. Theophilus; and secondly, in an enormous bell-rope, that, descending from roof to basement, communicated with an alarm-bell, and which, passing through almost every room in the house, could be pulled at night, if need should arise, by any one of their occupants. Upon the second day of my arrival, I had been taken all over Castletower, and among other places, upon its flat roof, and nothing had given me so much pleasure as the sight of that giant bell, whose voice, I could well believe, was easily to be heard for miles, and would bring the inmates of the neighboring police barrack to our aid in the time, too vague, but still brief, which is called both in England and its sister-land "a jiffey." This barrack was, in my eyes, the one bright spot in the prospect (when there *was* a prospect, and it didn't rain,) for I knew that it contained no less than twenty stout soldiers, loyal to the core, in addition to the ordinary police force, itself, a most trustworthy and gallant body. The military had been stationed there but lately by the admirable provision of the government, (though not a day before they were wanted,) and Lieutenant Moriarty, their commander, was a frequent guest at my host's table. He privately assured me, no matter at what hour he heard that bell, that he would be in Castletower in ten minutes, for although that was not possible as the crow flies, he would come upon the wings of love.

It was upon the broad expanse of the roof of Castletower that I took my principal exercise, upon pretence of the excellent view it afforded, but in reality because it seemed a good deal safer than going out of doors. There was a mountain called Galtymore (or some such name,) about the size of Helvellyn, upon which I could distinctly see masses of Fenians drilling, (especially on moonlit nights,) and yet such was the infatuation of the family that they could see nothing but trees or patches of gorse. In addition to these external foes, there was treachery in the very heart of the garrison. If the butler was not a Fenian, I was prepared to give up my reputation as a judge of character. He had only been a short time in Mr. Dillon's service, and although he had had the most excellent testimonials from his last place, it is my belief, having seen him wait at table, (and keep others waiting,) that he was not a butler at all. Of course, dear Eleanor only laughed, and assured me that it was not the national practice to be sagacious at one's own calling, and that if Patrick and the coachman were to change places, there would not, on the one hand, be so many dishes broken, or, on the other, so many accidents with the carriage; but my suspicion of Patrick remained the same, and I kept my eyes upon him, nevertheless, and my hand near the great bell-rope.

Nobody knows what I suffered at Castletower from nocturnal apprehensions of insurrection. I occupied, at my own request, a room on the top story, immediatly under the belfry, and the first thing I did, upon retiring to it every night, was to open my window, and stepping out upon a stone balcony, to look out for signal-fires. Her Majesty's government had no such vidette as I in all Tipperary. In vain dear Eleanor, as she left me after our nightly chats over my fire, besought me to forget my foolish fears.

"Forget them!" answered I, parodying with hysterical grief a favorite bard:

"Forget them!—if to dream by night,
And think on them by day,
If all the attention deep and close
A coward's heart can pay—
If *that* be to forget them, then indeed are they
forgot!"

And no sooner had her thoughtless step quitted my room, than I was on duty. Twice I roused the house with the most important news from Galtymore; but nothing came of it on either occasion, except that I grew more discredited than ever, and had the misery of reflecting that having cried "Wolf!" so unnecessarily, my usefulness as a sentinel was much impaired. I so harried the garrison, indeed, with alarms and excursions—the latter to the chamber-door of the Rev. Theophilus, whom I always compelled to search the house in garments very unsuitable to the inclement weather then prevailing—that when my father wrote in answer to a statement of our position, and the terrors it caused me, that since I was such a little fool, I had better come home, I am afraid, I say, that my host, at all events, was not displeased. Nothing, however, could be kinder than his behavior, and that of all his family: they professed to regret my departure, and a warm hope to see me in more quiet times, and above all, (bless them!) they did not strive to keep me in the Golden Valley against my will. The worst of it was, that I could not start that very day. The post, under escort though it was, was always much delayed, and we only got our letters at a time when, in more civilized communities, we send them away; one night of horror consequently still remained to be passed, and, as ill-fortune would have it, it was one of these said to have been fixed upon for "the rising."

Every one with nerves is aware how a peril magnifies itself when we seem to be upon the point—but not on the other side of the point—of escaping it. It is during the last few strokes which the falling swimmer makes, and when close to shore, that he most fears to drown, and recognizes most clearly the great probability that he will do so; and thus when I retired to my room—but not to rest—upon the last evening I was to pass in Castletower, it seemed more likely than ever that morn would find it a blackened ruin, and its reckless inhabitants butchered, or, at the best, carried into the fastnesses of Galtymore against their will. When that dreadful Patrick handed me my cup of coffee after dinner, there had been an expression of fiendish glee upon his countenance, which seemed to say: "You think you will escape the universal massacre, my confiding young friend, and so you would, if you had gone yesterday; but your plan has been laid just twenty-four hours too late. Ha, ha!"

If I could have got all the party to sit up that night, revolvers in hand, and with Patrick safe locked in the cellar, I should have felt comparatively comfortable; but I knew that such a proposition would only be received with ridicule. There would be a Fenian attack, I felt convinced, before morning, but there was nothing for it, since I had not fortitude, but resignation. Going to bed as usual was out of the question; so I lay down outside of it with my clothes on, and my bonnet and outdoor apparel on the chair by my side, ready (so far) for the emergency whenever it should take place. It was not my intention to go to sleep at all; but, in spite of all my efforts, my eyelids began to droop, and my senses to grow heavy, as I listened and listened, and yet heard nothing but the March wind moaning about the sleeping mansion in a discontented and Fenian sort of way.

Suddenly I was awakened from what must have been a sound sleep, by I know not what, but with the sense that there was somebody in my room. If it had been broad daylight, and I had seen the man there, knife in hand, I could not have been more convinced that the Fenian butler was within a few yards of me, about to cut the rope that hung from the alarm-bell. It was easy to guess why he had come to my room of all rooms; it was, as I have mentioned, next the roof, and therefore the only apartment where all communication with the bell could be cut off from the house, except through a certain trap-door, of which this traitor (such was the credulous folly of his master) kept the key. Yes, he was standing upon a chair, in the centre of the floor—— A rattle and a fall, and I could hear the now useless rope sliding down, floor after floor, to the very bottom of the house. I listened, counting my own heart-beats, but no other noise succeeded. If any one had now been in the room, I should certainly have heard him breathe; but the wretch had evidently taken advantage of the whir and rustle of the rope to conceal his own departure. His stockinged feet had already fled down stairs to open the front door to his confederates without. He had doubtless drugged the whiskey-punch that evening, whereof the Rev. Theophilus and sons used to partake so regularly; and Eleanor and the female servants were, most likely, paralyzed with terror. At all events, no one seemed to be disturbed. In a few minutes, I should hear the stealthy unfastening of the great chain that secured the hall-door; and then the Fenians would rush into the carriage. A sudden thought flashed upon me. There was the window, with its little balcony; could I not get out, and crouching beneath the wood-work, evade the observation of those who, bent on pillage and devastation, might enter my room? The fact of my bed not having been occupied, would favor the idea that I had escaped. I could not save dearest Eleanor and the rest, although, if they had only listened to me (I could not help saying *that*, even at this awful moment), such treachery would have been made impossible—but perhaps I could save myself, and, the sole survivor of that doomed household, be able, at least, to supply the authorities with every information. I was out of the window in a moment, and had closed it softly behind me. My room had been almost pitch-dark, but here there was a little murky light now and then, as the flying clouds left bare the young moon. Down below upon the lawn, I could see masses of men crouching down, as though to elude observation: one man, evidently their leader, stood a little in front, as though scorning concealment; I could even see the green plume waving on his cap. With this trifling exception, all were motionless, and as quiet as that grave, which was yawning for their unsuspecting victims. Hush! was that the grating of the door-chain? No; it was only the chained mastiff-dog moving uneasily in his kennel, but, like his masters, doubtless rendered harmless by some soporific. A shadow, hitherto unobserved, though it crossed my very feet as I leaned over the low balustrade, here sent a thrill to my heart. Had some rebel gained the roof, and was he watching my movements from above, secretly smiling to himself at my poor device for concealment, and its impotency? No: it was only the shadow of the pent-house that covered the great bell. Directly I recognized its form, the embers of hope began to revive within me. What if I—poor *I*, whom these half-civilized, though hospitable people had set down as an artificial and Cockney personage—should turn out to be the means of their preservation? If I could only climb up yonder coping, I could gain the roof and—if the villain had but left me rope enough—set that vast tocsin ringing! Steep places always give me vertigo; I never cross a plank without feeling a morbid desire to meet the worst by jumping off it; but now, the necessity of the case, the imminence and immensity of the peril that threatened dearest Eleanor and her kindred, seemed to nerve me for a feat, which a Blondin or a Leotard might well have shrunk from—at least in petticoats and crinoline. There was no crowd below to applaud me—but rather the reverse; no rope to cling to, except that which was to be the reward of my efforts. But I knew that to hesitate was to be lost; it was—to compare great things with small—like taking a black draught. The more one looked at it, the less one was likely to like it.

Hand over hand, foot over foot, now on a leaden gutter, now on a stone gargoyle, I mounted slowly but surely. I was safe upon the broad flat roof. The mighty bell hung motionless and dumb before me. There was rope enough, and more than enough, for I could not bring what was still left up from the floor below, but it is not so easy to set a bell ringing of that giant size. With so insufficient a purchase, I confess I never thought of holding its tongue (to use an Hibernianism) and *so* making it speak, and for several minutes I effected nothing except to gently swing it to and fro; but presently, as the pendulous movement increased, it began to pour forth such tremendous sounds as it is impossible for one who has never been in a cathedral belfry on Christmas-eve to imagine. I knew that every note was precious as one from the Bank of England, and I pulled with the vigor of despair. Looking towards the direction of the police-barracks, I saw lights gleaming from many a window, and doubtless, if I could have heard anything but that bell, the drums were already beating to arms. But in the meantime, the Fenians, goaded to frenzy by the knowledge that relief was at hand, had already burst into the house. No shots were fired: there was no necessity for that, since all opposition had been rendered powerless; but I pictured to myself my venerable host with his white hairs dabbled in gore, while his sons, so full of youth and strength a few hours before, presented, in vain, revolvers from which Patrick had drawn the charge. That arch-traitor himself, followed by a brutal band, would even now be rushing up the stairs to silence the honest bell and its faithful guardian. Yes, I heard the key turn in the little door close beside me, and another moment I was confronted by Patrick's fiendish face.

* * * * *

When I came to myself, I was lying in my own bed, with Eleanor leaning over me, and her father standing by her side with a grave smile.

"Do you feel better now, my darling?" said she tenderly, as I opened my eyes.

"Yes, love, now I see that I have preserved you and your dear father," answered I faintly. "But the struggle yet continues; I hear them calling and fighting, still, below."

"They are not fighting, my dear girl; they are only drinking," rejoined the Rev. Theophilus cheerfully. "It's the military and the police who are being entertained in as hospitable a manner as can be expected at four in the morning: that's all. You see you invited them rather early."

"But in time, sir, I trust?" cried I, clasping my hands. "Oh, tell me it was in time? Nobody is killed? The villain Patrick is in custody?"

"Well, my dear, he's in the cellar drawing corks. Where would you have him be?"

"Why, you surely have not forgiven him *that*," exclaimed I, "for cutting the— Why, who has mended the bell-rope?"

"She is still off her head," murmured my host. "If the doctor don't come soon, I must bleed her myself.—My good girl," added he tenderly, "you have been dreaming, and in your nightmare, done a thing no woman would have ventured upon in her senses. You have got out of the window, and climbed up to the roof of the house."

"I know it," said I; "I did it to save your lives. Patrick cut the bell-rope, for I heard it fall."

"Nay, you knocked down your bonnet and shawl from the chair, my girl, and *thought* it was the rope," said the old gentleman. "Your only real peril was the feat of which I have spoken."

"My good sir," said I, "I saw the Fenians crouching on the lawn."

"Yes, dressed in green: those were the laurels."

"Nay, but I saw their leader with his waving plume."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Dear papa," said Eleanor; "it was that prickly tree which the boys call the puzzle-monkey."

The Rev. Theophilus sat down and roared with laughter.

"I am a poor man, my dear young friend," said he, with tears in his eyes, and when he found breath to speak, "but I would not have missed all this for fifty pounds. You have roused the whole country-side; you have set all the telegraph wires in motion between this and London; nay, for all I know, they are flashing the news under the Atlantic that the Fenian insurrection is an accomplished fact. There is no woman in the world who is making so much noise as you, or, at least, who was half-an-hour ago. Gad, how you did pull that bell! There are twenty soldiers and ten policemen drinking your health down stairs. Lieut. Moriarty arrived, as he declares he promised, upon the wings of love, and you should really come down and thank him for his punctuality and dispatch."

I never did so, however. I remained in my room the next morning, utterly ashamed of myself, until it was time for the carriage to take me away. I begged to see nobody but Eleanor and my kind old host. It is due to him to say, that although he shook with inward laughter throughout his farewell, he never alluded to what had happened. That detestable Patrick grinned from ear to ear, though he said not a word. But nothing can stop the mouths of the public, or those horrible newspapers. I heard nothing talked of all the way to Dublin except the night-attack upon Castletower. I saw nothing when I got there but enormous placards with *Great News!* and *The Rising in the Golden Valley!* and once, which caused me to pull my veil down, and sink back in the close car which was taking me to the steamer, *Heroic Conduct of a Young Lady against Fenians!*

Extract of Words.

The following anecdote is related of an Eastern monarch, and is exceedingly suggestive. We once heard of a distinguished physician who thanked God because he was deaf, since it saved him from hearing a world of nonsense. But we are inclined to think that quite as much nonsense enters through the eye as the ear. The monarch had a library containing books enough to load a thousand camels. "I cannot read all this," said he. "Select the cream and essence of it, and let me have that." Whereupon the librarian distilled this ocean of words down to thirty camel loads. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. "I have not time to read that." Whereupon the thirty loads were doubly distilled, and a selection was made sufficient to load a single ass. "Too bulky yet," said the monarch. Whereupon it was trebly distilled, and the only residuum was these three lines written on a palm leaf: "This is the sum of all science—Perhaps." "This is the sum of all morality—Love that which is good, and practice it." "This is the sum of all creeds—Believe what is true, and do not tell all you believe."

THE DREAMS THAT CAME TRUE.

[From the early sheets of Jean Ingelow's new volume of poems, in press by Roberts Brothers:]

(The Second Dream.)

Anigh the frozen mere a cottage stood,
A piercing wind swept round and shook the door,
The shrunken door, and easy way made good,
And drave long drifts of snow along the floor.
It sparkled there like diamonds, for the moon
Was shining in, and night was at the noon.

Before her dying embers, bent and pale,
A woman sat because her bed was cold;
She heard the wind, the driving sleet and hail,
And she was hunger-bitten, weak, and old;
Yet while she cowered, and while the casement shook,
Upon her trembling knees she held a book—

A comfortable book for them that mourn,
And good to raise the courage of the poor;
It lifts the veil and shows, beyond the bourne,
Their Elder Brother, from His home secure,
That for them desolate he died to win,
Repeating, "Come, ye blessed, enter in."

What thought she on, this woman? on her days
Of toil, or on the supperless night forlorn?
I think not so; the heart but seldom weighs
With conscious care a burden always borne;
And she was used to these things, had grown old
In fellowship with toil, hunger, and cold.

Then did she think how sad it was to live
Of all the good this world can yield bereft?
No, her untutored thoughts she did not give
To such a theme; but in their warp and weft
She wove a prayer; then in the midnight deep
Faintly and slow she fell away to sleep.

A strange, a marvellous sleep, which brought a dream,
And it was this: that all at once she heard
The pleasant babbling of a little stream
That ran beside her door, and then a bird
Broke out in songs. She looked, and lo! the rime
And snow had melted; it was summer time!

And all the cold was over, and the mere
Full sweetly swayed the flags and rushes green;
The mellow sunlight poured right warm and clear
Into her casement, and thereby were seen
Fair honeysuckle flowers, and wandering bees
Were hovering round the blossom-laden trees.

She said, "I will betake me to my door,
And will look out and see this wondrous sight,
How summer is come back, and frost is o'er,
And all the air warm waxen in a night."
With that she opened, but for fear she cried,
For lo! two Angels—one on either side.

And while she looked, with marvelling measureless,
The Angels stood conversing face to face,
But neither spoke to her. "The wilderness,"
One Angel said, "the solitary place
Shall yet be glad for Him." And then full fain
The other Angel answered, "He shall reign."

And when the woman heard, in wondering wise,
She whispered, "They are speaking of my Lord."
And straightway swept across the open skies
Multitudes like to these. They took the word,
That flock of Angels, "He shall come again,
My Lord, my Lord!" they sang, "and He shall reign!"

Then they, drawn up into the blue o'erhead,
Right happy, shining ones, made haste to flee;
And those before her one to other said,
"Behold he stands 'neath yon almond tree."
This when the woman heard, she fain had gazed,
But paused for reverence, and bowed down amazed.

After she looked, for this her dream was deep;
She looked, and there was naught beneath the tree;
Yet did her love and longing overleap
The fear of Angels, awful though they be,
And she passed out between the blessed things,
And brushed her mortal weeds against their wings.

O, all the happy world was in its best;
The trees were covered thick with buds and flowers,
And these were drooping honey; for the rest,
Sweetly the birds were piping in their bowers;
Across the grass did groups of Angels go,
And Saints in pairs were walking to and fro.

Then did she pass toward the almond tree,
And none she saw beneath it; yet each Saint
Upon his coming meekly bent the knee,
And all their glory as they gazed waxed faint,
And then a 'lighting Angel neared the place,
And folded his fair wings before his face.

She also knelt, and spread her aged hands
As feeling for the sacred human feet;
She said, "Mine eyes are held, but if He stands
Anear, I will not let Him hence retreat,
Except he bless me." Then, O sweet! O fair!
Some words were spoken, but she knew not where.

She knew not if beneath the boughs they woke,
Or dropt upon her from the realms above;
"What wilt thou, woman?" in the dream He spoke;
"Thy sorrow moveth Me, thyself I love;
Long have I counted up thy mournful years;
Once I did weep to wipe away thy tears."

She said: "My one Redeemer, only blest,
I know Thy voice, and from my yearning heart
Draw out my deep desire, my great request,
My prayer, that I might enter where Thou art.
Call me, O call from this world troublesome,
And let me see Thy face." He answered, "Come."

☞ *Snell*—Will you oblige me—ah—by shutting your window?—ah—. *Second Passenger* (politely)—Really, sir, if you will not press it, as yours is shut; the air is so warm I would rather keep that open. You seem to take great care of yourself, sir. *Snell*—Care of myself! Should wather think so. So would you, my dear fel-lah, if you'd twenty thousand a year.

☞ "Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I dus; and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PROFESSOR CONFESSES.

Standing on Mr. Moss's doorstep, with her hand on Mr. Moss's bell-pull, Loys Sark looked long and steadily into the twinkling, bleary eyes of Professor Brum. Then, reading nothing but good-will in the Professor's countenance, she spoke him fair. "Brum," she said, almost coaxingly, "we were always civil and friendly to you, Jem and me; weren't we? You'd not do an injury to those that never wronged you, I should hope, Professor? And it would be doing me an injury if you set me off on a false footing about the lawyer here. Has he changed his line of business, or what?"

Brum gruffly replied that, so far as he knew, the clients of Mr. N. Moss still belonged to the same interesting class as formerly. But, he added, the immediate neighborhood to that legal gentleman's abode rendered the spot very unsafe for a protracted discussion of which the orientally descended attorney should be the theme. Would Mrs. Sark condescend to walk a few yards down the street with her old acquaintance? Then they might talk.

Loys complied. In any other city of Europe, or of the world, such incongruous companions must have attracted notice, and provoked curiosity; but not in London, and least of all in the crowded, dingy, work-day portion of London, along the streets of which—the foot-pavements being gritty with dust, and strewed with orange-peel; while the middle of the road, despite the blue sky and the dry weather, was slippery with that tenacious black mud, from which it is so rarely free—these oddly-assorted friends made their slow way. The dark-eyed, neatly-dressed, quiet-mannered young woman paced for some moments by the side of the rat-faced old Professor of unlicensed numismatics, whose brown greatcoat and neck-shawl were worn in defiance of the heat and brightness of the day; but neither of the two seemed eager to speak.

"Now, missis," said Brum, at last breaking the silence—"when I stopped you a-ringing at that lawyer's door-bell, I noted for your good. In a general way," continued the Professor, with the air of a philosopher defining some guiding principle of ethics—"in a general way, a man finds it don't pay him to be wide-awake for the sake of other people. Let them be wide-awake for themselves, and let him be wide-awake for himself. But I recollected how Dandy Jem and his handsome wife had given me many a drop of comfort, when I couldn't afford to pay for it, and I'm not the man to be ungrateful. Here, perhaps, the Professor's conscience pricked him somewhat, at the memory of the joint visit paid to his garret by Lord Ulswater and Mr. Moss, of the Delphic information given, and of the money that had rewarded it. It is more than probable that the aged reprobate felt some smart of this sort, for he boastfully repeated his words: "I'm not the man to be ungrateful."

Loys looked, half inquiringly, half imploringly, in his lean old face.

"I do hope, Brum," she said, "you'll do Jem a good turn now, if it lies in your power. If you really know anything about Mr. Moss—"

The old man interrupted her. "I know just this, Ma'am Sark, just this: Lawyer Moss won't starve for want of a livelihood, so long as a livelihood is to be picked up by hook or by crook. Run with the hare, and hunt with the hounds, is what he ought to have wrote up over that office-door of his. He's got a client—he has—that is mighty anxious about the health of friends in foreign parts. That's all."

Loys looked at him, and there was wonder in her dark eyes. "A client? What client?" she asked.

Old Brum laid his meagre forefinger along his nose, and laughed impishly. "First place, missis," said he, "you know it's none so easy to tell what a customer really is. To look at you, this minute, so tidy, and trim, and genteel, wouldn't anybody think you on the square—"

"I am on the square, if you mean honest," interrupted the girl, with flashing eyes, and with an angry gesture. "I always have been honest. Did I ever take a penny or pennyworth that didn't belong to me? If I do live among thieves, I'm not a thief myself, and you know it."

"You are quite the lady, I know, Mrs. Sark," said Brum humbly; "but, pray, don't speak so loud. I am, you see—"

"Ah, yes," cried Loys, her mood changing instantly; "Jem is—what you are, Brum, and what the rest of them are; and I cannot hold up my head, and look the world in the face, because of him, dear lad!" She sobbed violently now, thereby attracting some unwelcome notice from the passers-by.

"Missis, Ma'am Sark!" exclaimed Brum, very much perturbed, and twitching at the corner of her shawl, to gain her attention; "this won't do. There's a policeman a dozen yards off, beside the lamp-post; and if he sees you crying, and along with me, he's just likely to get inquisitive. All the force know old Brum. Come up here, and let us walk up and down till your eyes are dry." So saying, by a dexterous jerk of the arm, he guided his impulsive companion into a court, the narrow entrance of which they were passing at the moment. "There," said the Professor—"there! I don't suppose there's a snugger place for a quiet chat in all the city than this."

Brum was right. The spot might have been consecrated to Silence, so complete was the contrast between this little brick-and-mortar haven and the roaring rapids and whirlpools of London traffic and London activity but a few yards away. The din of rumbling wheels, humming voices, street-cries, and trampling feet came to the ear as if from another world. The court was not one of those dens where unwashed humanity is packed into a mass, like so many figs in a drum, where swarming children crowd their unsunned play-ground, and where the sounds of brawling, reproach, anger, and suffering swell the hideous gamut by night and day. This was a money-making court, a smug, respectable cloister, sacred to Mammon. Through the lower windows might be obtained glimpses of neat offices and counting-houses, where staid men, with shining bald heads, for the most part, and spectacles, were making entries in immense books, with backs of green or red leather, or writing letters by the score, or telling out bank-notes in bundles, and gold coins in scoopfuls, upon mahogany counters. Grave decorous men of middle age, and solemn-eyed youths, dandies in dress, but business-looking and fast-walking, went occasionally in an out, with black leather pocket-books, that bulged out in places with the pressure of the bills and coupons with which they were crammed, secured by steel chains inside their closely-buttoned coats. Evergreens, of the bay or laurel tribe, tough enough to keep alive in the choke-damp of the London atmosphere, crawled over the fronts of some of the old red brick houses in this harbor of refuge, and spread their dingy leaves around the windows. There were rusty iron gates that could be shut in case of need, to keep out trespassers, but which stood open during office-hours, and indeed during the quiet night as well.

Here, no one cared to listen to or to interrupt the conversation between Loys and the Professor. The bald old clerks, and the sleek-haired young clerks, and the messengers, and ticket-porter, and private watchman, just took a short survey of them through the glass, or from their sentry-boxes near the doors, but no one demanded why they entered. They were odd-looking persons, no doubt, but many odd-looking persons have to drop in at a bank, or at a German importer's, or at a commission house, or at an assurance office. For aught anybody knew or cared, they might be customers or hangers-on of one or other of these establishments. They were let alone.

The Professor looked, with a sort of fellow-feeling, at the clerks who were tossing the money about, like a sort of Golden Millers, picking up sovereigns in copper shovels, weighing them in bright brass scales, tying them up in canvas bags, rolling them up in paper rouleax, locking them in iron safes; and sometimes, for the sake of diversity of employment, as it seemed, rustling over the crisp pages of precious little books, every leaf of which was a bank-note new from Threadneedle Street. Next to the actual possession of money, it must be the sweetest thing in the world, to the old man thought, to handle it, and to sift, and test, and sort it, touching nothing, like Midas himself, that was not auriferous.

Loys spoke first. "Brum," she said, "you are keeping something from me. You know all about Mr. Moss and this client, and it's very cruel if you refuse to tell me the truth. I don't like to make a merit of past kindness; but when you were so ill out there in Perth—"

"Yes, I remember, missis, who 'twas nursed me, and took turns to sit up with a worthless old worn-out critter like *myself*, and, I believe, saved my life. The more beast I to sell you!" blurted out the Professor, and then felt as if he could have bitten off his tongue for the incautious confession. But at Brum's time of life, and with Brum's constitution, any touch of genuine kindly feeling is apt to produce the effects of truth-compelling, which the classic poets attributed to wine alone. With all the old rogue's cunning, senility was too much for him when once the husk of selfishness was broken.

In this emergency, Loys recovered the full use of her wits, from the very imminence of the peril that she now saw threatening her outlawed husband. Another woman in her position would have wasted her breath in useless outcries or reproaches; but James Sark's true wife laid her hand lightly on the Professor's frowsy sleeve, and fixed her own resolute eyes upon the shifty and bleared eyes, with an odd sort of moisture in them now, that twinkled at her out of old Brum's nodding head. "Come, old friend," she said, in a tone of calm persuasion—"come, tell me the whole truth. That will be the best way of acting, and then let bygones be bygones."

Under this moral pressure, with many groans and interjections, the repentant Professor made what he called a clean breast of it. He related with tolerable accuracy how, when, and where he had been sought out and questioned by Mr. Moss the attorney, and a certain gentleman-client of the above-mentioned Moss. Also how, being then newly returned to England, and not having as yet made much profit by his professional exertions to increase the monetary circulation of the realm, he had yielded to temptation, and had taken the bribe to reveal what he knew of Sark's intentions. He averred, however, with tremendous adjurations to back his words, that he had purposely said as little as he could, consistently with obtaining payment, and that his information had been slight and vague to a degree.

Loys heard all without anger and without impatience. There was a certain look of weary watchfulness upon her handsome face, but nothing more. She allowed Brum to run himself down, so to speak, like a clock in striking. Then she said:

"But the gentleman, Brum, he that came with Moss to inquire about Jem and me, was he a real gentleman, or some valet, or perhaps agent?"

"Well, there you see, Ma'am Sark, how hard it is to tell the downright truth about a thing," returned the Professor, who seemed very much relieved in his mind by the confession he had made. "I've seen, bless you, valleys that were quite the gentleman, and masters that looked as if they'd have been a precious deal more at home in the servants' hall than up stairs—it all depends. But I never did see a real swell, if that cove were not a regular heavy one."

"Young?" Loys asked, changing color as she spoke, and frowning as she noticed that the Professor's roving eye had detected that trifling token of agitation.

There was something provokingly sly in Brum's crafty face as he slowly made answer. "Young. A fine-made man, I don't deny it. Tall enough for a Guardsman, and good looking. Very bright blue eyes, that seemed to look through you somehow, as if the chap that owned 'em could tell what you were thinking of. Fair. Hair pretty much the color of real yellow gold after it has had a touch of the burnisher; and mustache of a shade darker—more like the tawny look of eighteen carat gold afore it's polished. Not by no means the sort of customer I should care to quarrel with—there was a sort of cruel hardness about those blue eyes of my gentleman's that it wouldn't be pleasant to face; but I daresay he could look quite different if he wanted a young woman to take a fancy to him." It was amusing to the old cynic to see that, before his personal description of Lord Ulswater came to a close, she who listened to him caught her breath gaspingly, and pressed her hand for an instant to her side, with a low moan of actual pain. But he could not help admiring the strong self-control with which every sign of emotion was suppressed, as at the end of his speech Loys turned toward him.

"This man—this client of Mr. Moss," she asked in a steady voice, "did he look care-worn at all? Was his forehead beginning to wrinkle? Were the crow's-feet gathering about his eyes, or had the lines that tell tales about wasting anxiety and sleepless nights yet begun to show themselves around those lying lips of his? Brum, you have sharp eyes: tell me, did he look like a man who had something on his mind, and was ill at ease?"

The Professor shook his head. "Not a bit of all that," he said: "he looked about him, and ordered about him, as if he'd been a king. He was as fresh as a rose, and as cool as ice. I should say, by the face of him, he was the kind of chap that might have the Monument on his mind, and be just as airy and grand as if he'd never done anything but go to court in a gold-laced uniform. That's my opinion, Mrs. Sark."

"Hard—cold—cruel—let him look to himself," murmured Loys between her set teeth, and her eyes flashed with a dusky glitter that boded no good to the absent person to whom her words had reference. "Ever the same." Brum's quick ear was not quick enough to catch the murmured threat, but he guessed it from the rigid fierceness of the dark young face he glanced at with sidelong scrutiny.

"And now, Missis," said Brum after a while, "may I make so bold as to ask what James Sark, Esquire, means to be up to in this smoky old town? Because, if he's going on the lay, I can put him up to several first-rate plants, and—"

"Not if I can prevent it," said Loys resolutely. "It shall not be my fault if he ever eats another morsel that has not been bought with honest money. I tell you that plainly, Professor."

"No offence, missis," said Brum with much deference: "you and he was always a cut above such as us. But if Jem's not too proud to shake hands and bear no malice, I should be glad—"

Loys Sark interrupted him with her old decision of manner: "No, Brum, no. Not now. You and Jem are best apart. The less he goes among those that he need to know, the better. He is fit for something else than crib-cracking and coining; and it shan't be my fault if he ever has to stand in the dock again. If ever, when James is safe and settled in some business, you take it into your head, Professor, that you would like to give up the cross, and get respectable employment, we shall be ready to help you, bearing no grudge for what's past and gone. But you don't get Jem's address from me."

"Nor I don't ask it, Mrs. Sark," said the Professor in his meek way: "I shouldn't make a bad use of it, if I had it, but I don't go so far as to expect it to be given me. Thank you for kind offers, too, missis, but I'm almost afraid Brum's too old a dog to learn new tricks at his time of life. I don't mind telling you, missis, that I *have* tried it on—the honest dodge—three or four times in five-and-fifty year. I was on the square once nineteen months at a stretch. But either there was a till left open, and I couldn't keep my fingers out of it—and you've no notion, ma'am, what greenhorns masters are, or how they leave temptation in a chap's way—or else the police came tattling, or old chums found me out, and I got pointed at and turned out. Never mind. I am to be heard of, Mrs. Sark, at the *Feathers*, Mill Lane, Ratcliff Highway, if wanted. I don't lodge there, but they can find me. My respects to Jem, ma'am."

"Good-bye, Professor."

Loys turned, and went out of the court by the narrow entrance that communicated with the noisy street outside, and as she reached the mouth of the passage she looked round, perhaps to see whether Brum were following her. Seeing that he was not doing so, but remained standing motionless on the same spot, she gave him an amicable nod of farewell, and tripped lightly away. Two minutes after she had disappeared, old Brum, with leering mouth and twinkling eyes, pounced, as an owl pounces on a mouse, upon a small folded scrap of paper that lay on the pavement. He picked it up, opened it, and read it with greedy curiosity.

A crumpled, torn scrap the paper was, and it merely contained the words, "Street, Strand;" nothing more. But Loys had dropped it by accident, that was certain. It was a portion of some written address that might give a clue to her present abode; that too was certain. Old Brum grinned cunningly as he put the paper in his pocket and shuffled slowly away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BELLEVIEW HOUSE.

A four-wheeled cab, on the prowl for custom, happened to be crawling past the entrance to the little oasis of rest in the brick-and-mortar desert where Brum and Loys Sark held their conference, and, engaging this cab, Loys caused herself to be driven to the corner of Piccadilly. Being set down upon the dusty Piccadilly pavement, the dark-eyed young woman waited patiently for some little time until an omnibus, more than half empty, and bearing the word "Clapham" in conspicuous capitals upon its newly painted flanks, came clattering along the street. The conductor of this public carriage, dangling by his strap like an acrobat in training for the part of Mercury, was alert and quick to detect a passenger, and at Loys's quiet nod of assent, the signal to stop was noisily given, the door as noisily torn open and slammed afterwards, and off the lengthy vehicle rattled, Clapham-wards.

In that salubrious suburb, after the bridge had been crossed, and the intermediate stretch of hot road, parching in the afternoon sun, had been traversed, one by one the occupants of the omnibus dropped off, till at length but two passengers remained. Loys was left the solitary inside passenger, while on the roof there was but one of the "outsides," who kept his perch till the horses were drawn up with a jerk before a semi-rural public-house, with a long water-trough in front of it, and the green arbors of a tea-garden peering over the wall hard by. The reins were flung down in a heap; the door was opened; the Clapham omnibus declined to penetrate deeper into the county of Surrey.

Loys alighted. She had never been at Clapham before, and the locality was unknown to her. She had, therefore, to inquire her way, and before the explanation was complete, the only remaining outside passenger, who was evidently in no need of similar topographical information, had walked off at a great pace. Loys had caught no glimpse of this person's face, nor had she been particularly interested in taking further note of him than to observe that he was an active man, rather tall, rather shabby, and dressed in the customary black suit of London middle class life—in his case, threadbare, but well brushed. He might have been a lecturer, or a town-traveller for some firm, or a newspaper reporter, or any one of fifty things else. He started off, however, at a slapping pace, and in an obvious hurry.

"First turn to the right, and then keep on till you get nearly to the *Hen and Chickens;* and then to the left by the new villas, and up Pleasant Grove, and anybody will tell you where Belleview 'Ouse is, miss," said an affable baker in answer to Mrs. Sark's questioning.

Loys thanked the man, and followed his directions; but she walked slowly, with a thoughtful face, and lingered on the way, so that she was some time in ascending the low hill on which Belleview House stood. There it was at last; a big white house, staring forth upon the world from behind the low wall, thick set with broken glass, of a garden gay with yellow laburnums and Persian lilies—a pretentous house, with an outer gate, on which a brass plate, polished so brightly that it seemed to flame in the sloping sunlight, made the eyes ache that looked upon it, with a porter's lodge, and a big clanging bell, the brass knob of which was as brilliant as the name-plate on the grass-green gate. The walls were very white, the roof of the bluest slate, and the chimney-cowls of shining zinc, of the most contorted and fantastic designs procurable for money. Behind the house was a much higher wall of the red brick than that which protected the garden, and this rampart also incrusted with vicious-looking, jagged pieces of broken bottle-glass, girdled in a gravelled Sahara of full fifty yards square. This Sahara, the dust and yellowness of which were calculated to give imaginative pupils a vivid idea of the Great Desert, of which it was a miniographic portrait, was a play-ground, and from it came that peculiar hoarse roar which is only to be heard at menageries during feeding-time, or in play-hours at a school—a hollow inarticulate roar, rising and falling, but monotonous, and rather calculated to inspire melancholy than pleasure.

That the self-assertive mansion was a school was plain enough. He who ran by Belleview House might read, inscribed in fat black characters, upon a white board that overtopped the gate, and was flanked by a brace of marble cherubs, hard at work in penmanship and the study of the globes, the words "Belleview House, Select Academy for Young Gentlemen." The resplendent brass name-plate bore the words "Dr. Marsh," deeply engraved. Such was the house for which Mrs. Sark had been inquiring, and the bell of which, in answer to her pull, gave forth a sonorous clang. A light-haired young serving-man, with weak whiskers, a striped pantry-jacket, and an air of general feebleness, opened the gate. Dr. Marsh was at home, he said. The doctor was engaged; but if the lady could wait, the doctor would see her. Did the lady come on business, though; or by appointment? added the weak-whiskered young man, irresolutely. "Perhaps the lady was sister to one of the pupils?"

"I am aunt to one of the pupils," Loys explained; and on the strength of this assurance, she was let in and inducted into a cool shadowy room on the ground-floor, where she was requested to sit down and wait till the master of the house, and master of the school, should be disengaged.

So very shadowy and cool was the room in which Loys was now left, that, coming freshly as she did from the fierce glare of sunlight out of doors, her eyes could distinguish nothing. Gradually, however, various objects began to rise, as it were, like islands out of a murky sea. There were globes, for instance, the brass-mounted stands of which began to be visible some seconds before the speckled greenish spheres that represented land and ocean, the fixed stars and the planetary system, dawned out of the darkness. There were tall bookcases, and tables loaded with books, and maps, and chronological tables, and other scholastic properties. It was evidently an audience-chamber, where the parents and guardians of possible pupils had their interviews with the principal of the Select Academy. Presently, the sound of voices forced itself into notice, and Loys became aware that the room in which she found herself was divided by folding-doors from some other apartment, that these doors were imperfectly closed, and that two men were holding no very friendly debate on the other side of the doors. The girl's first impulse was to rise and close the doors, or in some way to make known her presence within hearing distance; but this honorable impulse was checked at once as she caught the sound of a voice that seemed familiar, though to whom it belonged she could not remember.

"I call it confoundedly unhandsome of you, then. Not the sort of treatment a man expects from his own brother!" grumbled the voice that Loys thought she knew. It was a harsh and husky voice, as if its owner had dried up his tonsils with hard drinking. But for all that, there was the same odd similarity between its guttural tones and those of the oily, pompous voice that immediately replied to it, which we sometimes notice between a giant and a dwarf. "The relationship—ahem! to which you so importunately allude, and which *I* should be glad to forget," said the oily voice, "does not—hum—warrant such continual annoyance. I must insist that these—yes, I will say, vexatious visits on your part must cease. I cannot, in my position, as a responsible educator of youth, be expected to countenance—"

"Hang your countenance, Brother Tom!" rudely interrupted the other; "I've let you alone, I'm sure, this many a day. What right have you to hector over me, pray, Mr. Thomas? I'm a member of a learned profession; I am graduate of a German university; I could take out my diploma to-morrow, and be a real doctor, not a self-made one, like you, you old humbug, who couldn't muster Latin enough for the quotations in your rascally prospectus, and who only dub yourself doctor to take in parents and guardians—eh?—What's that you are muttering to yourself—give me in charge to the police? Do, now, Dr. Thomas Marsh; only try it on, and see if I don't give the public and the papers a treat by what I can tell of the education, antecedents, and qualifications of the principal of Belleview House, Clapham! Shall we call in X 42, then?"

"Hush, hush; hold your tongue! I'm a ruined man," cried the oily voice, much less resolute than before. "What have I done, to be plagued in this way? You've had money of me, Stephen; I've got your notes-of-hand in that desk.—Waste-paper; I know that very well. I don't make much by the school. I got it afloat by my own industry, after I left the—the licensed victualling—and no thanks to you! You were always my father's favorite, and got good teaching and a start in life—more shame for you! I can't, and won't spare another sixpence! If you've really got a chance of making a fortune— But there, I don't believe you. You always have some cock-and-bull story—"

"It isn't anything of the sort, Thomas. On my honor—You laugh, do you? It's true, for all that," persisted the husky voice. "I tell you, Brother Tom, I've got this lord—for he is a lord—though names shall not be mentioned—under my thumb, and he must bleed, and he shall, and freely too! I can get ten thousand pounds out of him as the price of my silence; and if you'll only let me have this trifle to keep the cursed bailiffs off while I put the screw on, then—" At this moment, a tapping was heard at some outer door, and the voice of the weak-

whiskered young serving-man was faintly audible. "A lady—a visitor for one of the young gentlemen! *Where* did you say? Not in the front parlor? Goodness! she may have heard something—prejudice so easily created.—Will you go, Stephen, or do you mean to drive me mad? There—there! only do be off!" The last words in the oily voice were accompanied by the chink of money. But immediately afterwards there was a shuffling of feet, and the oily voice was heard to cry: "No, no, man—not that way, for the world!"

Too late! The departing visitor, in his hurry, had turned to the wrong door, thrown it open, and let in a perfect flood of light to illumine the dark front-parlor where Mrs. Sark was awaiting her audience. The recognition was simultaneous.—"Dr. Marsh."—"Mrs. Fletcher!" The doctor and the nurse who had been at the bedside of the lonely child, sole heir and hope of Reginald, Lord Ulswater, on the evening of that last sad day of which Lady Harriet had spoken to Ruth Morgan, stood face to face again. By an impulse that neither could resist, they uttered each the name of the other, and then seemed sorry to have spoken.

"I did not know you were—ah! in town—Mrs.—yes, Fletcher, I think," stammered the surgeon, trying hard to assume an indifferent tone.

"I am in London, sir, for a little time!" said Loys, in the reserved manner of one who answers a question, but desires no intercourse with the questioner. On the other hand, Mr. Marsh was manifestly unwilling to take the hint which her chilling reception implied.

"I am glad to—yes, to see you, Mrs. Fletcher," he said, forcing a pale smile to flicker about his bony mouth. "Perhaps I might be of some use to you, in the way of recommendation, I mean, in case you are seeking a new—employment."

All this time he had been eyeing Loys inquisitively. She had been dressed as a servant when he had first known her; now she was attired, not exactly as a lady, but still with so near an approach to a lady's dress that to define her social grade was very difficult. Mr. Marsh's mode of address, therefore, was marked by a curious mixture of condescension and deference, such as might suit either the young person in search of a place or the house-holder. Mrs. Sark beat her head, cold and silent, and that was all the answer she gave. The Shellton surgeon was about to speak again, when a stout man, who had for the last few moments stood aghast and speechless in the doorway, came bustling forward with a creaking tread:

"I beg your pardon," he said, to Loys, "for keeping you waiting. It is the fault, I assure you, of my stupid footman, who did not inform me till recently— This way, sir, if you please, and good-morning—another time—Huggles, door!—excuse me!" And with these words the principal of Belleview House fairly pushed his male visitor out into the entrance-hall, and committed him into the custody of weak-whiskered Huggles, to be led to the gate. Then he came back and shut the door.

"My name is Marsh—Dr. Marsh. Your name, I think you said, ma'am, was—I did not quite catch the name," said the schoolmaster, rattling his watch-chain.

"My name is Mrs. Fletcher; I did not mention it before. You remember it, I see," said Loys.

The doctor tapped his fat forehead:

"I think so. Indeed, I am sure of it," he returned, dubiously. "Excuse me—vast responsibility—extensive connection—memory much tested. Let me see. Colonial?"

"It was from a colony that I wrote you a letter, Dr. Marsh, that began our correspondence—from Australia. About placing my little nephew under your charge," said Loys, demurely. "I speak of Paul West. I have come to see him. He is well, sir, is he not, and happy?"

All this time, the doctor had been watching Loys narrowly, with a view to ascertain whether she had heard or understood anything of his conversation with his insolvent brother, which might damage the credit of the Select Academy. Satisfied that this was not the case he breathed more freely, and began to slide into something of his usual pomposity of bearing. He was a stout, white, unwholesome man, such as may be seen by thousands behind the bars of public houses, and he had beetling brows, and greasy black hair, brushed back from his forehead, and was dressed in glossy black, with a white neckcloth, and a gold cable for a watch-chain.

"All the young gentlemen at Belleview House," he said, with a wave of his hand, "are well, and I trust happy. If the strictest care, a salubrious situation, an unlimited supply of wholesome viands, and the best classical and philosophical tuition can produce that effect—they certainly are happy. Would you wish, madam, to see Master West? Huggles, here!"

Loys answered in the affirmative; but when Huggles was gone on his mission, she began, for the first time, to look discomposed and anxious.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY HARRIET CHANGES HER MIND.

The account which Chirper of the Life Guards had given of the breaking-up of the festive assemblage at St. Pagans had been in the main correct. A stormy scene had ensued on the discovery of Lord Ulswater at the feet of Flora Hastings—Flora Hastings, whom the polite world had long since regarded as the affianced wife of Fortunatus Morgan. It was one of those occasions on which the ice of social reserve is cracked and flawed, if not broken; and cutting words were spoken, and anger, hate, and all uncharitableness lifted their ugly heads, and hissed. A dreadful affair! The guests at the St. Pagans' picnic were well-bred personages, and not ill-natured beyond the average; nay, some of them were good-natured to a proverb, as was the case with Macdirk and Fitzgeorge, and some of the healthy young ladies from the west of England. But they had a horrid relish, one and all, for the excitement of a scene and a scandal, and tongues were let loose on every side to tell all that their owners had heard, seen, or suspected for weeks past.

The wrathful dismay of Mrs. Hastings was quite legitimate, a natural consequence of her simple theory of the whole duty of woman. She considered herself as much bound to give her daughter in marriage to the most eligible suitor, as Mr. Tappitt the auctioneer deems himself bound to knock down a lot to the highest bidder. The blessing of a bishop having been duly given, the book duly signed in the vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, and the breakfast chronicled by the fashionable intelligencer, Mrs. Hastings could have given her conscience a receipt in full of all demands. She would have turned her daughter out upon the great ocean of life, a finished article, a gilded galley fitted complete with sails of purple and gold, with oars and masts of the best quality, and a costly freight on board. If, after so brilliant a launch, the *Flora Morgan* had come to harm among the shoals and shallows of incompatibility of temper, or even on the sharp-toothed reefs of the Divorce Court, no blame could justly lie at the door of the exemplary matron who had sent her forth, so well found in all stores, upon her perilous voyage.

"You have a right to be angry with me, madam," was Lord Ulswater's only reply to the reproaches which Mrs. Hastings launched at him. To do the good woman justice, she honestly believed that she had. Every one else thought so. The pestilent heresy, that in a marriage, the bride and bridegroom are really the two persons most concerned, and whose likings and mislikings are of the most consequence, has never been seriously recognized by society. To a lady of the experience and tact of Mrs. Hastings, self-government was as odious as it is to a bureaucratic minister of state. Everything for, and nothing by, our children, was a rule on which she acted with that undoubting directness of purpose to which none but women can attain.

The Right Honorable Robert was more provoked than he had ever been, even in the days of Conspiracy Bills and defections from the Treasury majority. He could not, he said, trust himself to speak to Lord Ulswater, and it was as well that he held to this resolve, for his growls as he drove home were couched in unparliamentary language. With all his moroseness, the old politician was too innately and habitually a gentleman often to indulge in profane swearing. He must have been, on this occasion, very much vexed indeed.

What a wretched homeward drive it must have been for poor Flora, guarded, surrounded, huddled into a carriage, and borne off very much as if she had been some faithless *odalisque* doomed to the sack and the sea. She was so bewildered, poor thing, by the shock and hurry, and by the whirlpool of agitation of which she formed the passive centre, that she could hardly tell what had happened. The whole affair was like one of those incoherent dramas that we witness during a nightmare. What had she done? Evidently, something very terrible. For why else was she—lately an idol and a model to all her young companions—suddenly treated as a criminal under arrest? The tragic face of Mrs. Hastings was alone sufficient to prove the fearful disgrace into which her daughter had fallen.

Lord Ulswater had behaved well, under difficult circumstances, if it is just to say that any man deserves praise for his coolness in confronting a storm that he himself has raised. He had shown very great anxiety to screen Flora from the wrath of her relatives—a good deal of regret for the breach of hospitality that seemed to be implied by this tumultuous termination to a happy evening, and, for the rest, the strength of a strong man who can afford not to answer fools according to their folly. He bore William Morgan's petulance as we endure the fury of a wilful woman or a child. He gave back no hard words for the hard words that the jealous suitor flung in his teeth. His calmness almost maddened Morgan. Once the excited young man was really about to strike his rival across the face with the riding-whip in his hand; but by great good-luck, Gunnesley Fitzgeorge was quick enough to wrest the whip away, and he and Lord Macdirk half dragged, half persuaded the new M. P. for Oakshire to leave the spot.

Macdirk and Fitzgeorge always declared that they had never had so troublesome a task before. "The little beggar"—Gunnesley Fitzgeorge told the story thus—"the little beggar was dreadfully bloodthirsty, wanted to do Ulswater a mischief, and kicked over the traces to any extent. We told him the other man was sure to give him any satisfaction he asked for, and we assured him it would all come right in the end about Miss Hastings, and that the whole business was due to a misunderstanding that would be explained presently, but that for the present he had better be quiet. All our preaching," continued Colonel Fitzgeorge, "was thrown away on Fortunatus. I know two men, Lumley and Dalliscc, who were with him at Eton, and they never thought him very combative; but I suppose it's different when a poor wretch is driven wild with jealousy and disappointment. It was his crooked sister, poor thing, that got him away at last; and she begged us not to lose sight of him till he was cool again; and we went to the hotel, and a nice piece of work we had with Morgan. At last he gave up talking of the revenge he meant to have, and broke down, and began to cry—he did indeed. I quite pitied him. But we were afraid he would do himself some harm, so we got his man—a steady, good sort of servant that—I remember him valet to Lord Lovelock, before he came to Morgan, and I think Morgan is half afraid of him—to hide his razors and gun-case. I believe he went to sleep at last. I know I didn't."

There were people who asked whether this affair would not culminate in a duel, and whether, if William Morgan chose to challenge Lord Ulswater, the latter would give him a meeting in France or elsewhere. But Fitzgeorge ridiculed the idea. "It isn't that Ulswater would refuse," he said; "the thing is that Morgan won't bring the business to a fight. As the French say, the night gives counsel, and every night that goes over Morgan's head must bring its own share of prudent advice. What satisfaction is it to be shot at as well as jilted? Carnac—his brother was alive then, and he was rather hard up—won a lot of our money once, at Windsor, pistol-shooting. He knocked the colored centre out of the ace of hearts time after time, double or quits, till there wasn't a perfect pack left in barracks, or a man to bet against him. He can do all those tricks well."

Indeed, the opinion was tolerably unanimous against Morgan's inviting Lord Ulswater to the wager of battle. But no skill with the pistol or the small-sword could avail against women's tongues; and it is probable that John Carnac, with all his stoical demeanor, bled inwardly under the verbal stabs that he received. Ruth Morgan, stung by the sight of her brother's pain, had said a word or two at parting that it was not over-pleasant to hear. Mrs. Hastings had been bitter as the waters of Marah; and even Lady Harriet had proved exceedingly hard to be persuaded to view the matter in a proper light.

The good old lady, indeed, was suffering for the sins of others, and had some reason to weep as she did, and to threaten to leave St. Pagans, as she did. The pleasant party, so rare an event at that desolate mansion on the cliff, had dissolved itself into its constituent elements, not much more delightfully than did that festive assembly of Macbeth's at which Banquo's ghost intruded its gory phantasm. Lady Harriet had had a good deal of trouble, had planned and worked, and played the courtcons hostess to a knot of dandies, whom she suspected, albeit unjustly of laughing at her when her venerable back was turned, and here was her reward!

There had been an odious scene at her house; the country side would ring with it. Her friend of thirty years' standing—Mrs. Hastings—had gone away in anger, and that friendship was at an end. Her young favorite, Ruth Morgan, was gone too, grieving and indignant. Shellton Manor, the only neighboring mansion with the inmates of which she had cared to keep up anything like an intimacy, must be shut against her. She felt as if she could never show her face again in Shellton watering-place, or at the country-houses round about, or anywhere but at church. She scarcely could brook to speak to her own servants; and as for going on with the duties of a hostess, for the benefit of Chirper & Company, that was out of the question altogether.

"John," said the proud old lady, seeking her nephew in his study, where he had shut himself in as the abbey gates closed upon the last carriage, and where she found him, gloomy and thoughtful, resting his head upon his hand—"John, I have come to give over my trust. St. Pagans is no longer a home for me. Whatever arrangements you may wish to make will not be thwarted by me, but henceforth your house cannot be under my care." So far she had gone on in her old stately way, with erect head and icy formality of bearing; but all at once she broke down, sobbing piteously: "O John—O Ulswater—how could you do it? How could you have the heart, my boy, to put my gray hairs to shame, and rob me of my few friends?" And the hot tears dropped fast from her aged eyes, poor good woman, whose pride and sternness were but a crust that early prejudice had formed around a naturally tender heart.

Lord Ulswater rose up at once. "It gives me pain, aunt, to see you thus," he said; "but if one of us two needs pity, Lady Harriet, it is myself. You loved my mother very dearly, and my poor brother—I remember how you loved him. I looked on you as on the one true friend who would judge me leniently and justly, if all the world else were to be against me. And now you turn from me, and harden yourself against me in the hour of my greatest distress and anxiety. It is not just; it is not like you. But I must bear it with the rest."

He said all this in a deep low voice, that trembled a little, but had a sad music in its tones. He spoke and looked like a good and generous man wrongfully accused; strong in the approval of his own heart, but hopeless of contending with circumstances; and then he sat himself down again, in the same dejected attitude as before, and was silent.

"But, John"—the old lady spoke quite timidly, in a doubtful, hesitating way; she stood gazing at her nephew, and the shadow of many conflicting thoughts and emotions passed across her furrowed brow—"John, I did not mean—I thought that you—you may be sure that I should be the last person to desert you, nephew, if—But pray, do speak. I want to explain."

This was turning the tables with a vengeance. John, Lord Ulswater, had the tact which seems rather an instinct than a result of experience, and without which a diplomatist might pass half a century over Puffendorf and Grotius, and never be an inch the nearer to a true appreciation of his craft. This position of his was one from which it was exceedingly difficult to escape without loss of credit and comfort, and yet it behoved him, John Carnac, to emerge from it with dignity and profit; with drums beating, so to speak, and colors flying, and the spoils of victory. The line he had taken with Lady Harriet was assuredly the right one. She had expected him to speak in another tone; to argue, to plead, to dispute; and if he had talked as weightily as Demosthenes himself, he would not have convinced her. No dialectic, however cogent and clear, could have done that.

But there is a method of confuting even a hurt and angry woman, and of this Lord Ulswater was master. The idea that she was really selfish while resenting the selfishness of others—that her righteous displeasure was cowardly desertion of her kith and kin, and that she ought to have considered her nephew's feelings as well as her own, staggered her. Selfishness—naked, bare, undisguised selfishness—is very ugly in the eyes of women. When they act from mean motives, they at least like to drape them, and to trick them out in becoming fashion, and to call them by pretty names. Family affection stands sponsor to a number of grasping and narrow impulses; religion to many more; and "proper pride" to the remainder. But the avowal of dull, sordid egotism is not often on their lips; and a glimmering perception that she had viewed this clandestine love-affair between Miss Hastings and Lord Ulswater too exclusively from the stand-point of the interests of Lady Harriet Ashe, forced itself upon that lady.

Lady Harriet dried her eyes, and sat down in a chair near her nephew. After all, the sight of a man's sorrow seldom fails to move a woman, and the office of consoler suited the long-while mistress of St. Pagans better than that of denouncer. Lord Ulswater's mood was hardly that which became a lately accepted lover.

"You see," he said moodily, when the conversation had assumed a tone of friendly confidence—"you see they will not let her break her word to him, if they can help it. They will torture her, poor thing, and crush her spirit if they can. There are moral racks and spiritual thumbscrews—I know that well enough—and she is very gentle and sweet-tempered. I think I must have been mad to speak. I had better have flung myself over the cliff at once. And yet it is no sin to forget, for once, that money makes the man, and that Morgan was able to make better settlements than I."

He said this very bitterly and gloomily. He was not acting then. Men like John Carnac have this disadvantage, that neither they nor their enemies know precisely when they are sincere. They are like those card-players who supplement their luck with a little illicit skill, and who get credit for trickery even when they play honestly. But Lady Harriet did not suspect him. She had done him—so she thought—an injustice already, and she was anxious to make reparation.

"Would you hold to your proposal, if you really made one?" asked the old gentlewoman, trying to assume her usual dry stateliness.

Lord Ulswater laughed—a harsh little laugh it was, that grated on the ear.

"You must have very much wronged Miss Hastings, aunt, and myself too, in your thoughts, if you believed that I was merely amusing myself. I know very well that I had no right to ask her to be my wife—"

"No, Ulswater, you had not: being engaged to Mr. Morgan, as she was, you had no right to make love to her," interrupted the old lady, very frankly; "but though you acted indiscreetly, at least you own it like a man. Perhaps Mr. Morgan will give up his claim. In my time, there would have been a duel; but fashions alter. If I could do anything—"

"You can," said Lord Ulswater, lifting his head. "No doubt Mrs. Hastings is very much piqued, but she is too wise, and—excuse me—too worldly to keep up her anger when its result must be injurious to her daughter's prospects. All I want is a fair field. Let Flora choose, without coercion, between Morgan and me, and I will abide by the decision. I want you to go as my envoy to Shellton Manor."

Lady Harriet did not consent at once. Of course, at first, that she should pass the door of Mrs. Hastings's house seemed impossible; but she ended by giving a conditional promise to go. It was not a pleasant errand, but she was brought to look upon it as a duty, and she pledged herself.

"Above all, press for an interview—between Flora and myself, I mean; Mrs. Hastings can be present if she wishes it—" such were Lord Ulswater's injunctions to his ambassadress—"and try to see Flora herself.—I hear Chirper's voice outside. We are forgetting our guests—all my fault. I must not neglect the people I invited because I have behaved like a rash fool." It is good policy, sometimes, for a sinner to be severe upon his own peccadilloes, and to chide himself, as John Carnac well knew.

Lady Harriet rose, and something of the pride of birth and station rose up within her, and made her back her nephew's cause as her own. "Not so very foolishly, either," she said in her grim way; "the Carnacs have married higher than in this case. Miss Hastings would hardly be disgraced by becoming Lady Ulswater instead of Mrs. Morgan."

"True, aunt. She would be a peeress of England, after all—though a poor one—if that goes for anything now-a-days," said Lord Ulswater as he opened the door of the room, and followed Lady Harriet towards the saloon, where the remaining guests at the abbey were collected. As he did so, there was a sparkle of triumph unrepressed and irrepressible in his eyes, a smile of triumph on his lips, a glimpse of which might have given to Lady Harriet a new insight into the disposition of her brilliant kinsman. But she never turned her face towards him as they walked along the broad corridor, the pavement of which had been worn by the tread of monastic feet in the dim past; and long before they reached the drawing-room where such guests as were to sleep at the abbey awaited them, all trace of exultation had faded out of Lord Ulswater's handsome face. He had made a move in the great game of life, and stood to win.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Faraday's Theory of Life.

Prof. Faraday adopts Flourin's physiological theory that the natural age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life he believes to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphyses are united, the body grows no more, and it is at twenty years this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five-times 20 years, that is, 100; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five-times 8 years, that is to say, 40 years; the horse five years in growing, and he lives 25 years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years. Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits diseases, eats unwholesome food, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise: he does not die, he kills himself. He divides life into two equal halves, growth and decline, and these halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the 20th year; youth to the 50th, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from 50 to 75, during which the organism remains complete, and at 75 old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

THE NEGRO.—Professor Huxley seems to differ with Professor Agassiz. Lecturing at the Royal Institution several weeks ago, on the subject of Africa and the Negro, he referred to the "missing link" between men and monkeys, and contended that that "link" is not the black man, startling his hearers with the statement that the English are in much closer propinquity to anthropoid apes than the Africans. For instance, he said the negro has woolly hair, and no monkeys are so ornamented, except, perhaps, a few scarce species in South America. And as to the "spur heel" of the negro, the Professor considers it doubtful whether his heel projects more than an Englishman's. Who shall decide when Professors disagree?

☞ In New Orleans, a few days since, about ten thousand dollars in Confederate money, mixed with other waste paper, was sold at four cents a pound.

☞ "I never knew but one woman," said Sir Robert Walpole, "whom I could not bribe with money. It was Lady S——, and she took diamonds."

☞ There are more deaths than births among the colored population of Rhode Island.

☞ From Switzerland it is reported that a means has been discovered of making use of the insects known as cockshafers or May bugs. Between four and five millions of these insects were recently sent to Friburg for the "manufacture of gas," and the residue, it is said, forms an excellent carriage grease.

☞ The Duke of M——, of pompous notoriety and parsimonious celebrity, superintends personally the produce of his dairy, and not unfrequently sells the milk to the village children with his own hands. One morning a pretty little girl presented her penny and her pitcher to his grace for milk. Pleased with the appearance of the child, he patted her on the head and gave her a kiss. "Now," said he, "my pretty lass, you may tell as long as you live that you have been kissed by a duke." "Ah, but," replied the child, "you took the penny, though!"

Hints to Emigrants.

Under the caption, "Editorial Jottings," the Petersburgh Index humorously takes off some features of the Southern popular furore for Brazil. We quote:

"There is a delightful region in South America, accessible by steamboat, which is not only pleasant to live in, but affords a charming prospect for all who wish to die, as well as to live, easy.

"The vegetation of the country is perennial, and the splendor and elegance of nature are, beyond description, fine. The emigrant, like the native, has only to step ashore, go into the woods, and be happy. He reclines, with dignified ease, underneath the first clump of trees. On looking up, he discovers the bread-fruit growing, and above that the pendant branches of the cocoanut.

"In the same woods the shirt tree grows, described by the celebrated traveller Humboldt. The tree is felled with an ordinary knife, the skin is taken off, two arm holes are cut into it, and there is the shirt. A work of five poor little minutes, such as one may get through with lazily in an idle spell whittling off the small end of nothing from a chunk of soft pine.

"To vary the diet one need only whistle for a native, who will come, and for the consideration of half a cent will produce from his traps two dozen woodcocks, which are plentiful there, and as we all know are most delicious eating. For one cent you may obtain a bushel of sweet potatoes. The yam, indeed, grows almost spontaneously, and is brought to its highest state of perfection by being simply poked in a hole and covered over with sand, an operation requiring no more energy than is necessary to dip up a gourd of water and drink.

"All sorts of fruits grow in the greatest abundance, and force themselves into observation by their profusion.

"Death in that country is, as we have intimated, easy. All that is necessary is for one to satiate himself with yams, bread-fruit, shirts, grapes and laziness, and lie down in a jungle and go to sleep. When he wakes, he will find himself in a boa-constrictor, or heaven, or perhaps somewhere else."

☞ Between twenty and thirty drinking fountains are to be fixed and distributed over different districts in New York city by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They are of iron, ornamentally designed, in three departments—the upper one for the public, the middle one for horses, and the lower one for dogs.

☞ Gen. McClellan and family will return to this country next fall.

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The Archduchess Matilda.

Two days before the coronation at Pesth the House of Hapsburg lost one of its members by a tragic death. The Archduchess Matilda, daughter of the Archduke Albert, some days before, while leaning out of the window to talk to one of her relatives, inadvertently trod on a lucifer match lying at her feet on the floor. Before she was aware of it her summer dress was in a blaze, and before any one could run to her rescue she sank to the ground in an agony of pain, from which only death released her. The deceased Archduchess was born on the 29th of January, 1849, and was therefore in her 19th year. She was the second daughter of the Archduke Albert, the victor of Custozza, and a granddaughter of Archduke Charles, who distinguished himself as an able general in the war against the first Napoleon. Her grandfather being the brother of Emperor Francis I. (the grandfather of Francis Joseph), she was a second cousin of the present Emperor. It was understood that she was soon to be betrothed to Prince Humbert, the heir to the throne of Italy. By all accounts she was endowed with rare gifts of person, mind, and heart.

How the French Raise Tomatoes.—An exchange says that the best gardeners in France are in the habit of cutting off the stem of the tomato plants down to the first cluster of flowers that appear thereupon. This impels the sap into the two buds next below the cluster, which soon push strongly, and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not over eighteen inches high. In order to prevent them from falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all the laterals that have no flowers, and, after the fifth topping, all laterals whatsoever, are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means.

The Cabinet Organ.—The most valuable and distinctive characteristic of the Mason & Hamlin instruments is undoubtedly their quality of tone. There is a liquid smoothness and purity, a freedom from harshness and hardness of character, which is very notable and praiseworthy. Their instruments have a near approach to that round sonority which is sought for in the dispensations of a pipe organ. The rapidity of their action, the quickness with which the tone responds when a key is touched, is also a notable excellence. Their perfection in this respect extends their capacity to light, rapid music, as well as those more slow and sombre strains which have been classed as organ music.—*N. Y. World.*

Best Book for Everybody.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

☞ A committee of the Connecticut Legislature has reported against the passage of the bill to prevent barbers from shaving on Sundays. One member explained that the committee thought if it was wrong for a first man to shave a second man on Sunday, it was wrong for the first man to shave himself. The bill was rejected. Quite a change since they fined men in Connecticut for kissing their wives on Sundays!

☞ The recent experiments in the use of petroleum for steam boilers have developed one important fact, that, by a combination of atmospheric air and decomposed steam with the vapors arising from the heated oil, a gas is formed which supplies so intense a heat as to vastly increase the rapidity of steam generation in the boiler, and adds nearly fifty per cent. speed to vessels, without material change in their present machinery.

☞ Novel Law Suit.—A singular law suit was recently on trial at Albany. Two young men, each married but a few weeks, got sick of their wives and proposed to "swap," and very singularly the women consented. But the husband of the homeliest one promised to pay thirty dollars "to boot," and as he had neglected to hand over, the suit was brought to recover the money.

☞ In New England an enterprising citizen has invented and patented a knitting machine said to be the most perfect yet brought before the public. It will knit fifty pairs of stockings in a day, and is so simple that a child can work it.

☞ The Atlantic Cable Company now proposes to send messages by telegraph from New York to foreign countries in the language of those countries. The operators to be employed are to be good linguists.

☞ A Boston clergyman, who believes in amusements if properly conducted, says it is quite curious to note how many of our people have attended the circus, the past week, only because they wanted "to please the children;" but still more curious to observe that in very many instances it has taken two or three able-bodied men, with as many strong women, to look after one darling little boy or girl.

☞ A rather wild young canal driver, in Troy, N. Y., has turned out to be a woman in disguise.

☞ The people of Central City, Colorado, have subscribed $5,000 to be paid for *Indian scalps "with the ears on,"* at the rate of $20 a piece. We suppose these people call themselves "Christians."

☞ The London correspondent of the Liverpool Journal tells some unpleasant things about the British Royal Family, and says: Queen Victoria gave a sharp scolding to her sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburg, for flirting at Paris last month. She met them at Kensington, at a public ceremony, and "actually, and in full view, almost within hearing of the public, scolded them well for some of their goings on." This was while a piece of music written by the Prince Consort was performing; and her Majesty's manner was so "testy" that every one "must have regarded the scene with surprise." It seems the Queen doesn't like flirting, and the boys do.

☞ With regard to the amount of travel across the ocean, it is now stated that there is more difficulty in securing a return passage from Europe than it is to get passage from this side. The return steamers will be greatly crowded in the fall.

From the Christian Intelligencer, N. Y.

The Great American Tea Company.—Patrons of this Company express much satisfaction with the qualities of the Teas which they obtain and with the prices at which they are enable to effect their purchases. The business of the Company is conducted on a plan so accurate and comprehensive, that the people living at remote distances from this city can give their orders, and have them filled according to advertised terms.

☞ The Rev. Mr. M. paid his devoure to a lady who was prepossessed in favor of a Mr. Pealter; her partiality being very evident, the former took occasion to ask (in a room full of company,) "Pray, miss, how far have you got in your Pealter?" The lady archly replied, "As far as 'Blessed is the man.'"

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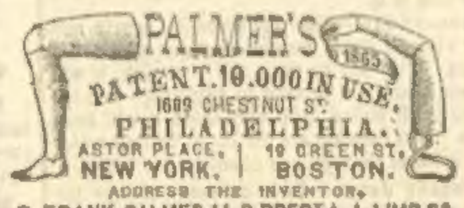

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Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

Husband's Calcined Magnesia is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

A World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
feb2-6m Philadelphia.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.

Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
my18-3m Parkman, Ohio.

$20.00 AGENTS WANTED—$100 00.—Male and female, to introduce our New Patent, Star Shuttle Sewing Machine. It is adapted for family use, and Tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only Twenty Dollars. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m

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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 Cents. Three for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec17-tf Box 926, Boston, Mass.

Wanted—To make an arrangement with a live man in every county, who wishes to make money, and can give good references. No capital required. Will sell a business now paying $1,500 per month, and rely on profits for my pay. Address J. C. TILTON,
je15-3t Pittsburgh, Penn.

WHISKERS!

A HEAVY BEARD is warranted in five weeks to those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND *According to directions.* Will not injure the most delicate skin. *Money refunded if it fails.* Sent closely sealed for 50 cents, by RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. je1-3m

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$18.00 A DAY.—Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. Only Five Dollars Capital required. Particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. my25-3m

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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE POPULAR

CLOTHING HOUSE OF PHILADELPHIA,

ON THE CORNER OF

SIXTH AND MARKET STREETS,

Occupying the Block from Market to Minor Sts.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF

REALLY FIRST CLASS

MEN AND BOYS'

CLOTHING

ALWAYS ON HAND,

Prices for SPRING *Surprisingly* LOW.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

ap 6-3m

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT
JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

On Sundays—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

Agents of the Union Transfer Company will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.20	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.45	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*

Love! Love!—Instructions how to win the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cents. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

THE UNION

PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.

Are now constructing a Railroad from

OMAHA, NEBRASKA,

Westward toward the Pacific Ocean, making with its connections an unbroken line

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

The Company now offer a limited amount of their

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

Having thirty years to run, and bearing annual interest, payable on the first day of January, and July, in the City of New York, at the rate of

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

AT

NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

This road was completed from Omaha 305 miles west on the 1st of January, 1867, and is fully equipped, and trains are regularly running over it. The Company has now on hand sufficient iron, ties, &c., to finish the remaining portion to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, 212 miles, which is under contract to be done September 1st, of this year, and it is expected that the entire road will be in running order from Omaha to its western connection with the Central Pacific, now being rapidly built eastward from Sacramento, California, during 1870.

MEANS OF THE COMPANY.

Estimating the distance to be built by the Union Pacific to be 1366 miles, the United States Government issues its Six per cent. Thirty-year Bonds to the Company as the road is finished at the average rate of about $28,350 per mile, amounting to $38,288,000.

The Company is also permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an equal amount, and at the same time, which by special act of Congress are made a First Mortgage on the entire line, the bonds of the United States being subordinate to them.

The government makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, amounting to 20,032,000 acres, estimated to be worth $30,000,000, making the total resources, exclusive of the capital, $118,416,000; but the full value of the lands cannot now be realized.

The authorized Capital Stock of the Company is one hundred million dollars, of which five millions have already been paid in, and of which it is not supposed that more than twenty-five millions at most will be required.

The cost of the road is estimated by competent engineers to be about one hundred million dollars, exclusive of equipment.

PROSPECTS FOR BUSINESS.

The railroad connection between Omaha and the East is now complete, and the earnings of the Union Pacific on the sections already finished, for the month of May, were $961,792. These sectional earnings as the road progresses, will much more than pay the interest on the Company's bonds, and the through business over the only line of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific must be immense.

VALUE AND SECURITY OF THE BONDS.

The Company respectfully submit, that the above statement of facts fully demonstrate the security of their Bonds, and as additional proof, they would suggest that the Bonds now offered are less than ten million dollars on 517 miles of road, on which over twenty million dollars have already been expended; on 330 miles of this road the cars are now running, and the remaining 187 miles are nearly completed.

At the present rate of premium on gold, these bonds pay an unusual interest on the present cost of

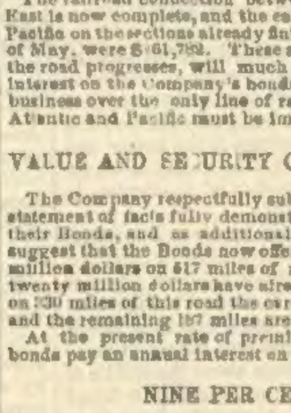
NINE PER CENT.,

And it is believed that on the completion of the road, like the Government Bonds, they will go above par. The Company intend to sell but a limited amount at the present low rate, and retain the right to advance the price at their option.

Subscriptions will be received in Philadelphia by
THE TRADESMEN'S NATIONAL BANK.
DE HAVEN & BROTHER.
TOWNSEND WHELEN & CO.
J. E. LEWARS & CO.

Subscriptions will be received in New York by the CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau street.
CLARK, DODGE & CO., BANKERS, No. 51 Wall street.
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, BANKERS, No. 33 Wall street.
And by BANKS AND BANKERS generally throughout the United States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained. They will also be sent by mail from the Company's office, No. 20 NASSAU Street, New York, on application. Subscribers will select their own Agents, in whom they have confidence, who alone will be responsible to them for the safe delivery of the bonds.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
NEW YORK.



Old Eyes
MADE NEW,
easily, without doctor or medicines. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents.
Dr. E. B. FOOTE,
1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents.
Address
Dr. E. B. FOOTE,
1130 Broadway, N. Y. feb0-eow17t

Wanted—An agent in every village and city in the United States to sell an article desired by every retailer and manufacturer. Most persons will purchase several—many a dozen or more. Also travelling agents wanted. Send for circular or 50 cents for samples, with which you can get subscribers. I. A. FITTMAN,
je29-2t 8 West Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ladies and Gentlemen Employed. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG,
je29-4t 297 Bowery, New York City.

How to Succeed in Business.—Every one should possess this golden opportunity. Mailed free on receipt of 25 cts. DALLIMORE & DIXON, 58 Vandam St., New York.
je22-4t

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₰ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₰ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₰ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₰ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ₰ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the same upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are bogus or imitations. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City. je22-tf

THE PUZZLE OF THE AGE!

The sharpest observers give it up. People who are proverbial for their critical perceptions, are utterly at fault.

No Living Eye

can detect any difference between the richest blacks and browns that Nature has bestowed upon the hair, and the superb artificial tints conferred upon grey, red or sandy hair, by the incomparable vegetable agent,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

With the color it imparts lustre, and does not diminish the flexibility of the fibres.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Applied by all Hair Dressers. je1-eow3t

WORKS OF NATURE.

In a state of health the intestinal canal may be compared to a river whose waters flow over the adjoining land, through the channels nature or art has made, and improve their qualities; so long as it runs on smoothly the channels are kept pure and healthy; if the course of the river is stopped, then the water in the canals is no longer pure, but soon becomes stagnant. There is but one law of circulation in nature. When there is a superabundance of humorial fluid in the intestinal tubes, and costiveness takes place, it flows back into the blood vessels, and infiltrates itself into the circulation. To establish the free course of the river, we must remove the obstructions which stop its free course, and those of its tributary streams. With the body, follow the same natural principal—remove the obstructions from the bowels with BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which never injure, but are always effectual for the perfect cleansing of the system from foulness or disease. Remember, never suffer a drop of blood to be taken from you. Evacuate the humors as often and as long as they are deranged, or as long as you are sick.

See that B. BRANDRETH is in white letters on the Government stamp.

Sold by all Druggists. je1-eow3t

All Wanting Farms.—Good Soil, Mild Climate, 36 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also improved Farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey. ap27-3m

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STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Every young lady and gentleman can hear of something to their advantage and have the model love letter and secrets of success sent free by addressing. T. F. WOOD,
je1-7t Box W, VERNON, New Jersey.

Errors of Youth.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. je1-2m

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Calculating Bridegroom.

I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach; now he was so mean he always carried a hen in his gig-box, when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning.

And then there was Hugo Himmelman, who made his wife dig potatoes to pay the marriage license. I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it is not a bad one, and good stories, like potatoes, ain't so plenty as they used to be when I was a boy. Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbor he is, too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kulp, he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," said he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," said he.

"Six dollars!" said Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take any less?"

"No," said he, "that's what they cost me at the Secretary's office, at Halifax."

"Well, how much do you ask for publishing in the church, then?"

"Nothing," said the parson.

"Well," said Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect any change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays!" said Hugo; "well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great amount of money for a poor man to throw away."

So off he went a jogging toward home, feeling about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as fast as his horse would carry him.

"Parson," said he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars; I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I cannot untie with my hands."

"Why, what in natur' is the meaning of all this?"

"Why," said Hugo, "I've been a cipherin' it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing after all. You see, sir, it's potato diggin' times; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages big, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow."

An Amusing Tunnel Incident.

Doubtless the tunnel on the Eastern Railroad, just east of the depot in Salem, has been the scene of numerous amusing incidents, but we doubt if any thing of a more ludicrous character has ever taken place in it than the following: It seems that a few days since a lady and her sister, and a grown-up son of the latter, took the cars at Boston for the East, the sisters occupying a seat together and the young man the one behind with another person. Upon entering the tunnel, the aunt, to have a little fun, rose up carefully, reached over to the seat the young man had been occupying, seized some one by the collar, shook him soundly, and then resumed her seat.

The sister, surprised at her vigorous movements, asked what she had been doing, and was informed by the other that she had been attempting to frighten her nephew. Her feelings can be imagined when the mother made her acquainted with the fact that the young man left the train at Salem, and that she had been "shaking up the wrong passenger."

When the train emerged from the tunnel the person who had been mistaken for the son was observed adjusting his neck-tie and collar, and remarked that he did not know what the matter was with the ladies in front of him, but thought one of them must be insane, for she had given him a severe shaking, torn off his neck-tie, scratched his face and disarranged his hair, and he was at a loss to give any other account for the sudden attack that had been made upon him.

Having it Out.

A gentleman riding through the country a few days since, approached a fence corner, when his ears were greeted by exclamations of anger, accompanied by vigorous thwacks on some object that, judging from the dust arising from the locality, was anything but patient under the infliction. Approaching the spot, our informant beheld a tow-headed urchin of some twelve summers, belaboring, with all the strength he was master of, what seemed to be a most stubborn specimen of the *genus* mule. The operation did not apparently discommode the beast further than to arouse its "mulishness," and to which it gave vent by a series of kicks that would do honor to Castello's circus ring. At this juncture, our informant ventured to remonstrate, when the following explanation was vouchsafed: "Dad whips mam, (whack—kick,) mam whips sis, (whack—kick,) and sis, (gratuitous kicks,) darn her, *beats* me, an' I'm going to *take it out!*—(whack.")

A WIT-SHARPENER.—While the troops were in Nashville, a little fellow frequently passed headquarters inquiring whether any one desired his services to sharpen knives. The boy was poorly clad, and seemingly very ignorant. One morning, when he stopped as usual, Col. B., of the ——— Regiment, who prided himself on his literary attainments and sharpness of speech, asked the boy "if he thought he could sharpen wits?" The juvenile eyed the elegant uniform for an instant, and replied, "Yes, for them what's got any, but I never thinks of bringing my sharpener round here."

DANCING.—An English lady at the Court of Vienna, with whom an "Imperial Highness" danced three times on the same evening, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your Highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the unsatisfactory response. "What then, may I ask, can be your Imperial Highness's motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "my medical attendant advises me to perspire."

☞ "John, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Simon, I really don't know, but it strikes me it was a pound of sugar."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT THE TITWILLOWS'.

Mr. Titwillow, having undertaken a comic part, is about to render his appearance more effective by reddening the tip of his dear little nose. His wife and sister, in a passionate appeal to his nobler feelings, implore him not to desecrate his dignity by such an act.

[His bosom friend cynically contemplates the touching family scene.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FLAT CULTURE.

Farmers are generally becoming better educated than to pursue the old practices of our grandfather's days, one among which was the universal hauling up of earth about growing plants, until at the end of the cultivating season the field resembled an area of miniature pyramids or a Babylon of ant hills.

For the sweet potato, hilling or ridging is unquestionably the best method of cultivation, while for the Irish "round" or white potato, we have never yet been quite satisfied that covering in hills three and a half feet apart, and hilling up well in cultivating, turning out at digging time nearly a peck of fine large tubers from a hill—three hundred bushels to the acre, is not, after all, a better practice than the modern one of seeding in drills, covering with a shallow furrow, and cultivating in a flat surface, obtaining an average of about eighty bushels per acre.

With all other field crops, however, that require cultivating after being sown or planted—the soil having first sufficient drainage, either natural or artificial, and being ploughed or dug to a proper depth, flat culture is the better and safer economy, involving less outlay of labor, and being a better insurance of production in case of protracted drought.

Last year we saw a good many evidences of the advantages of the level system in field culture over that of the hilling practice. In our peregrinations through Eastern Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and considerable of South and West Jersey, during the severe drought period which prevailed from about the middle of July until near the end of August, we found everywhere fields of corn having the flat culture applied standing the scorching bravely, while in many instances adjoining ones hilled up were shrivelled, burned, and dying with yellow fever. Two of our neighbors, both intelligent, practical farmers, made last year test experiments with a view of proving which is the better mode of corn culture, the object being to secure immunity from drought. One of them in a field of thirteen acres, all well under-drained and manured and prepared precisely alike, treated two strips running through the field, amounting in the aggregate to an acre and a half, to the hilling process, while the remainder of the field had the usual flat culture. During the drought of July and August the hilled portions suffered severely, the little cones of soil having all the moisture dried out, until they were through and through like a dry ash heap, while all the flat surface during the entire drought period exhibited humidity two or three inches down from the top. During the drought all portions of the field was thoroughly worked over once a week with a toothed cultivator. The result of the experiment was that that portion to which flat culture was given suffered comparatively but little from drought, made a fine growth of stalk and blade, with large, uniform ears well filled over the end of the cob, while the hilled part grew sickly during the drought—blades curled up and turned yellow, ears were many of them dwarfed into "nubbins," and a fair measurement after harvest showed an excess of seventeen bushels of ears per acre in favor of flat culture.

The other field contained ten acres, half of which was hilled, and the other half cultivated flat in alternate strips of twelve rows. Measurement after harvest gave a balance in favor of the flat culture system of about fourteen bushels of ears per acre.

In all light soils, made up of mixed loam and sand, such as constitute a very large portion of the territory of South and West Jersey, the flat system of cultivation is an absolute necessity. Within a few hundred yards of our present position there is an extensive "truck" garden, the soil of which is naturally warm and quick, and which has no lack of manurial applications or culture, in which there are to-day long lines of peas sown on sharp, thin ridges, dried through by the sun, until the soil is as destitute of humidity as kiln-dried corn meal. And all along those ridges are the lines of dwarf peas, made more dwarf by drought—shrivelled, scorched, burnt out, bearing two or three half-grown pods, containing three or four poor little peas each, not a quarter enough to pay for picking, to say nothing of all the outlay of fertilizers, preparation of the soil, planting, and cultivating. Those same peas by planting properly, and frequent cultivation upon the flat system, might have been made to produce a dozen consecutive daily pickings, paying a handsome profit instead of proving the next nearest thing possible to a total failure.

In the same grounds there are other kinds of vegetable suffering martyrdom by drought, and errors of culture, that in a little time will place them in the same category with the poor peas.

It won't do, gentlemen farmers and gardeners—this military engineering in agriculture—hilling and ridging, and helping drought to roast vegetables to death in the soil. We shall do a great deal better than that by pursuing the system of flat culture generally, making a few exceptions in favor of sweet potatoes, parsnips, mangolds, and two or three other specialties, in all cases during dry times keeping the surface frequently and thoroughly stirred with horse hoe and cultivator.

FREAKS OF FROST.

Throughout many portions of these midland regions, embraced within the limits of Eastern Pennsylvania, Northern Maryland, half of Delaware, and much of South and West Jersey, we had here and there in detached territories, many of them of miniature area, a white frost on the night of June 10th, and on the night of the 11th a much whiter, and more universal one—in some localities so sharp that it nipped tender vegetables, as beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, and egg plants severely, even well down in South Jersey, where the warm, sandy soil had set such vegetables forward bravely. We had little detached patches of all these plants, in some instances but a few feet in extent, curled up dead, while plants but two feet distant, equally tender, and to all appearance equally exposed, escaped intact.

Setting about investigating causes and effects, we found proven by frost a philosophical fact, which so far as we are aware, has heretofore remained but a dim theory, so little discussed by our agricultural *savants*, that the idea has never reached ten in every ten thousand of our practical, common sense farmers and gardeners.

We found in every instance, where the white frost mantle lay upon vegetation, the soil underneath comparatively hard, compact, and saturated with moisture, it having rained constantly and consecutively for two days and nights previously to the first frost. Where there was no show of frost, an examination discovered a light, porous condition of the soil, created by many small roots webbing the sub-strata, and well under-drained by the recent extraction of the larger stumps, dragging out roots of considerable size to the depth of from two to three and a half feet. The natural conclusion following such an investigation was a soliloqual self-assurance:—"Yes—I see. This is just what has fought off the frost—this under-ceration and thorough under-drainage."

This brings us to the point which couples philosophical theory with plainly established facts. Firstly, that by evaporation of water an amount of heat is abstracted from the surface soil and surrounding atmosphere to the height, of say twenty feet above the surface, equal to that required to change about four times its weight of ice to boiling water. Thus it will be seen that where drainage is insufficient, and the soil saturated with water, rapid evaporation cools it in the exact ratio of the abstraction of moisture, rendering it in a brief period so chilled that it responds promptly to the cold of the overlying atmosphere, and while the temperature of the air at twenty feet above the surface may be several degrees above the freezing point, the chill of a saturated, undrained, compact piece of low ground will change a copious dew into a biting white frost.

The surest preventives against these late provoking disasters to growing vegetation are under-draining, deep ploughing and so aerating the soil underneath as to maintain an equilibrium of temperature under several degrees of change in the temperature of the atmosphere. This last remedy may be cheaply applied by ploughing under so deeply that ordinary after culture shall not reach and disturb it, such material as straw, cornstalks, brushwood laid straight along one furrow, and covered by the next, and burying in the same way all old boots, bones, brooms, and such like unsightly objects that cumber the surface and obstruct cultivation. These is manurial material in them all, and virtue as underground aerators antagonistic to frosts.

GATHERED GRAINS.

——June 17th, snow in the White Mountains, several feet deep—out-door grapes ripe in California—apple trees in bloom forty miles from Buffalo—thermometer 98 deg. in the shade in Philadelphia—wheat harvest in Texas, frost in New Jersey, and dead ripe oranges in Florida. A wide and very variegated country ours is.

——Our M. D. friend on the Elk-horn writes us, under date of June 7th, that Nebraska will put into the grain statistics for 1867 the heaviest crop of wheat ever harvested in the west. Promised average, fifty bushels per acre. Pasturage particularly fine—as with fruit prospects; but corn, not much heard of so far this year.

——Encouraging accounts from the coming wheat crop coming in from all corners of the country. Flour has fallen off $2.25 per barrel in consequence. Some comfort for consumers in that.

——The slugs, bugs, thrips, rips, and all sorts of insect pests inimical to fruit and vegetation generally that have been killed by our late frosts are in the aggregate of ten times more benefit dead and gone than all the damage done by Arctic Jack in his late visits.

——Minnesota is going to cut and carry to market *fifteen million* bushels of wheat this year. Minnesotians say so, and the present prospect is they'll do it.

——More huckleberries and blackberries are beginning to bend briars and bushes this way than we have ever seen in any one season before. The year of jubilee, huckleberry pies and puddings and blackberry wine, jam and cordial has come.

RECEIPTS.

SCOTCH SAUCE FOR SALAD.—Bruise down the yolks of two hard eggs in a basin; add a large spoonful of mustard; rub them together with a tablespoonful of catsup, one of tarragon, two of white wine vinegar, and a teacupful of thick cream. These must be all thoroughly mixed together, and, after the salad is cut and arranged in the salad-dish, pour the dressing equally over the whole of it.

CURRANT JAM.—Boil the currants gently one hour with an equal weight of sugar, and put it in jars. This will be dark and very rich, it will not work, and can be used to advantage in large families. If boiled until very thick, it will keep years. If it candies, set the jar in boiling water until it heats through and dissolves the sugar.

CURRANT JELLY.—Pick currants always for jam and jelly on a dry day, and before they are dead ripe; when very sweet and nice for table use, the gelatine has been converted by a process of nature into sugar. Currants must be scalded the same day they are picked, or they may not jelly; look them over, carefully removing all stems, and scald them over boiling water in an enamelled kettle, but do not allow them to reach boiling heat, and pour them in the jelly bag without bruising while hot; hang the bag over an earthen dish, and let them drip without pressing until the next morning. Then measure the juice, and allow eight and a half pounds of sugar to eight pints of the juice; put the juice in an enamelled kettle over a clear fire, remove all the scum that rises, and when boiling hot scatter in the sugar with one hand, and stir the jelly with the other; let the jelly become nearly boiling hot, slip in the skimmer, shake it in the cold if it appears like setting, dish it immediately into small moulds, tumblers, or jars. If the currants were in a right state, the jelly will set by the time the sugar dissolves. White currants do not make as pretty jelly as red, but equal parts of white and red make a beautiful jelly. Use only the best sugar for all jellies. Put over jelly, when cold, a tissue paper wet in brandy, and cover the jars or moulds with paper cut to fit and notched, wet with the white of eggs beaten stiff. The jelly bag may be pressed, and a solid but cloudy jelly made from the juice obtained. It is as good for cakes and gravies as the other.

RASPBERRY JELLY.—Prepare the fruit as directed in currant jelly, and make the jelly as there directed. If raspberries are scarce, use one pint of currant juice to two of the raspberry, and the flavor will be quite as pleasant.

FRESH CHERRY PIES.—The fruit should be dead ripe for pies; they will take much less sugar and make richer pies than if barely ripe. Cover the plate, which should be deep, with a plain paste. If the cherries are pitted, bake the paste without crisping before putting in the fruit. Mix the sugar with the fruit, remembering the cherry is very acid; spread the fruit evenly on the paste, add a piece of butter as large as the bowl of a dessert-spoon, cut in small bits, dredge with flour, cover with paste, and bake until heated through. A few pits will improve it.

BAKEWELL PUDDING.—The following are tested recipes for this delicacy:—No. 1. Line a pie-dish with a rich paste, and put into it any kind of preserve. Mix four eggs (leaving out three of the whites,) a quarter of a pound of butter, with white sugar to the taste; beat them well together, and pour over the preserve. Bake in a very slow oven, and serve cold. No 2. Take the yolks of six eggs and the whites of two; add 4 oz. of loaf sugar, sifted; beat these well together, and add the grated rind of a lemon; then take 4 oz. of fresh butter, creamed; beat the whole well together. Line a rather shallow tart-dish with puff paste, and spread it thickly with apricot marmalade; then pour in the mixture, and bake it. It is served cold, with sifted sugar over it. No. 3. Having covered a dish with thin puff paste, put a layer of any kind of jam about half an inch thick; then take the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of two, half a pound of butter, melted, half a pound of pounded lump sugar, and almond flavor to your taste; beat all well together, pour the mixture on the jam an inch thick, and bake it an hour in a moderate oven. The above is sufficient for two soup-plates or dishes of about the same size. The pudding is good either hot or cold.

ORANGE CUSTARD.—Remove the rinds, thick cells and seeds from four oranges. Add sugar and wine to the pulp till it is agreeable. Place a layer of sponge cake broken small on the bottom of a deep glass dish. Pour over a part of the orange, wine, etc. Then another layer of cake, and the remainder of the fruit. Just before it is served, pour over the whole, *cold*, soft custard, made by stirring the beaten yolks and a little of the white of three eggs into a pint of boiling milk, with three tablespoonfuls of white sugar.

POTTED EELS.—Take the largest eels you can get. When they are skinned and cleaned, cut them into junks three or four inches long, and lay them in a baking pan with plenty of seasoning and a few bay leaves. When baked, let them drain from the gravy. Open each junk lengthwise and remove the backbone; then press the meat into pots, adding a little more seasoning, and fill the pots with clarified butter.

TO CLEAN OIL CLOTH.—A good way of cleaning oil cloth is to sponge it well with skim-milk, as it brightens it and preserves the color.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 4, 16, 9, is an inhabitant of the deep.
My 2, 20, 1, 8, 14, 2, is a part of a building.
My 3, 1, 6, 14, 2, 11, 18, 18, 21, is a portion of time.
My 4, 2, 12, 11, was an ancient deity.
My 5, 7, 2, 14, is a musical instrument.
My 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, is a garden plant.
My 7, 3, 19, is a vegetable.
My 8, 18, 12, is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 12, 15, 2, is a natural ornament.
My 10, 14, 18, 18, 20, 21, was a freeholder.
My 11, 14, 3, 6, 15, 14, is a girl's name.
My 17, 14, 20, 5, 6, 9, 10, in what nearly all desire to be.
My 16, 3, 14, 3, 13, is a great motive power.
My whole is an expression of Shakspeare, which the ladies declare to be utterly false.

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Omit my 1st, and I am an article used for food.

Omit my 1st and 2nd, and I signify completeness.

My 5th, 6th, 2nd, is a fondling.
My 1st, 2nd, 6th, 5th, is an advance.
My 5th, 4th, 2nd, is an abyss or cavity.
My whole is a line or division.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three square numbers whose sum is a rational square, and if each be taken from the sum of their roots the remainders shall be squares. J. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three persons, A, B, and C, each staked $7.20 to play for at dice. The game to be 12. When A had got 10, B 9, and C 7, being tired, they agreed to quit and divide the money according to the chance each had of winning at the time. Required—The part of the money each of the players ought to have.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A constable is pursuing a thief at a uniform speed, but finds on inquiry that the thief is going a mile and a half per hour faster than he is; he therefore doubles his speed after the first four hours, and catches him at the end of 6½ hours from his setting out. The thief had a start of one hour, and never varied his speed. How far did they travel; and what was the rate of each? WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

ECHOES.

☞ Of what has Heaven given us an equal share?—*Air.*

☞ What does a rumor often do when it flies?—*Lies.*

☞ Which is the loveliest flower that grows?—*Rose.*

☞ Whose children are we apt to think the sweetest flowers?—*Ours.*

☞ What in manners is sure to please?—*Ease.*

☞ What will frequently overcome the most austere.—*Tear.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Joyce Dormer's Story." RIDDLE—The letter O. DOUBLE REBUS—Ortnoco and Madeira.—(Opium, Riga, Ireland, nettle, Omi, chair, ova.)

Answer to Ike's PROBLEM of Jan. 26th.—Their heads will be 2 inches apart. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, of April 18th—55.98025.—J. B. Sanders. The weight required is 145. 6.—W. J. Barrett.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date.—150.688276688 cubic inches.—A. Martin.

Answer to W. F. L. Sander's PROBLEM of April 20th—467 + inches if the internal sphere is filled with air.—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of April 20th—$1129 198,208.—W. H. Morrow. 1382.97.—Joseph S. Phebus.

Answer to L. C. Gleesner's PROBLEM of April 27th—Cost of horse $141.60. Number of bushels of oats, 70 8. Price of oats per bushel, $0.854.—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—¼.—J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—140-143.—W. H. Morrow. 97-140. J. S. Phebus.

A cotemporary gives the following:—

DYSPEPSIA.—Take a piece of rennet, the size of a dollar, and soak in a cup of water. Give one great-spoonful three times a day. This simple preparation has effected *a complete cure*, after trying every thing else, to no purpose, for several years.

☞ Mackerel, owing to the success of the fisheries, are very cheap in New England. Last week they were selling at Newburyport, Mass., for but two cents apiece.